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THE EXECUTION OF WILLIAMS AND PETERS.

WE are indebted to Mr. James K. Magie, of the 78th Illinois Regiment, for the sketch of the execution of the two rebel spies, WILLIAMS and PETERS, who were hanged by General Rosecrans on 9th inst. The following account of the affair is from a letter written by the surgeon of the 85th Indiana:

HEAD-QUARTERS POST,
FRANKLIN, TENNESSEE, *June* 9, 1863.

Last evening about sundown two strangers rode into camp and called at Colonel Baird's head-quarters, who presented unusual appearances. They had on citizens' overcoats, Federal regulation pants and caps. The caps were covered with white flannel havelocks. They wore side-arms, and showed high intelligence. One claimed to be a colonel in the United States Army, and called himself Colonel Austin; the other called himself Major Dunlap, and both representing themselves as Inspector-Generals of the United States Army. They represented that they were now out on an expedition in this department, inspecting the outposts and defenses, and that day before yesterday they had been overhauled by the enemy and lost their coats and purses. They exhibited official papers from General Rosecrans, and also from the War Department at Washington, confirming their rank and business. These were all right to Colonel Bayard, and at first satisfied him of their honesty. They asked the Colonel to loan them $50, as they had no coats and no money to buy them. Colonel Baird loaned them the money, and took Colonel Austin's note for it. Just at dark they started, saying they were going to Nashville, and took that way. Just so soon as their horses' heads were turned the thought of their being spies struck Colonel Baird, he says, like a thunder-bolt, and he ordered Colonel Watkins, of the 6th Kentucky cavalry, who was standing by, to arrest them immediately. But they were going at lightning speed. Colonel Watkins had no time to call a guard, and only with his orderly he set out on the chase. He ordered the orderly to unsling his carbine, and if, when he (the Colonel) halted them they showed any suspicious motions, to fire on them without waiting for an order. They were overtaken about one-third of a mile from here. Colonel Watkins told them that Colonel Baird wanted to make some further inquiries of them, and asked them to return. This they politely consented to do, after some remonstrance on account of the lateness of the hour and the distance they had to travel, and Colonel Watkins led them to his tent, where he placed a strong guard over them. It was not until one of them attempted to pass the guard at the door that they even suspected they were prisoners. Colonel Watkins immediately brought them to Colonel Baird under strong guard. They at once manifested great uneasiness, and pretended great indignation at being thus treated. Colonel Baird frankly told them that he had his suspicions of their true character, and that they should, if loyal, object to no necessary caution. They were very hard to satisfy, and were in a great hurry to get off. Colonel Baird told them that they were under arrest, and he should hold them prisoners until he was fully satisfied that they were what they purported to be. He immediately telegraphed to General Rosecrans, and received the answer that he knew *nothing of any such men*, that there were no such men in his employ, or had his pass.

Long before this dispatch was received, however, every one who had an opportunity of hearing their conversation was well satisfied that they were spies. Smart as they were, they gave frequent and distinct evidence of duplicity. After this dispatch came to hand, which it did about 12 o'clock (midnight), a search of their persons was ordered. To this the Major consented without opposition, but the Colonel protested against it, and even put his hand to his arms. But resistance was useless, and both submitted. When the Major's sword was drawn from the scabbard there were found etched upon it these words, "Lt. W. G. Peter, C.S.A." At this discovery Colonel Baird remarked, "Gentlemen, you have played this d—d well." "Yes," said Lieutenant Peter, "*and it came near being a perfect success.*" They then confessed the whole matter, and upon further search various papers showing their guilt were discovered upon their persons. Lieutenant Peter was found to have on a rebel cap, secreted by the white flannel havelock.

Colonel Baird immediately telegraphed the facts to General Rosecrans and asked what he should do, and in a short time received an order "to try them by a drum-head court-martial, and if found guilty *hang them immediately*." The court was convened, and before daylight the case was decided, and the prisoners informed that they must prepare for immediate death by hanging.

At daylight men were detailed to make a scaffold. The prisoners were visited by the Chaplain of the 78th Illinois, who, upon their request, administered the sacrament to them. They also wrote some letters to their friends, and deposited their jewelry, silver cups, and other valuables for transmission to their friends.

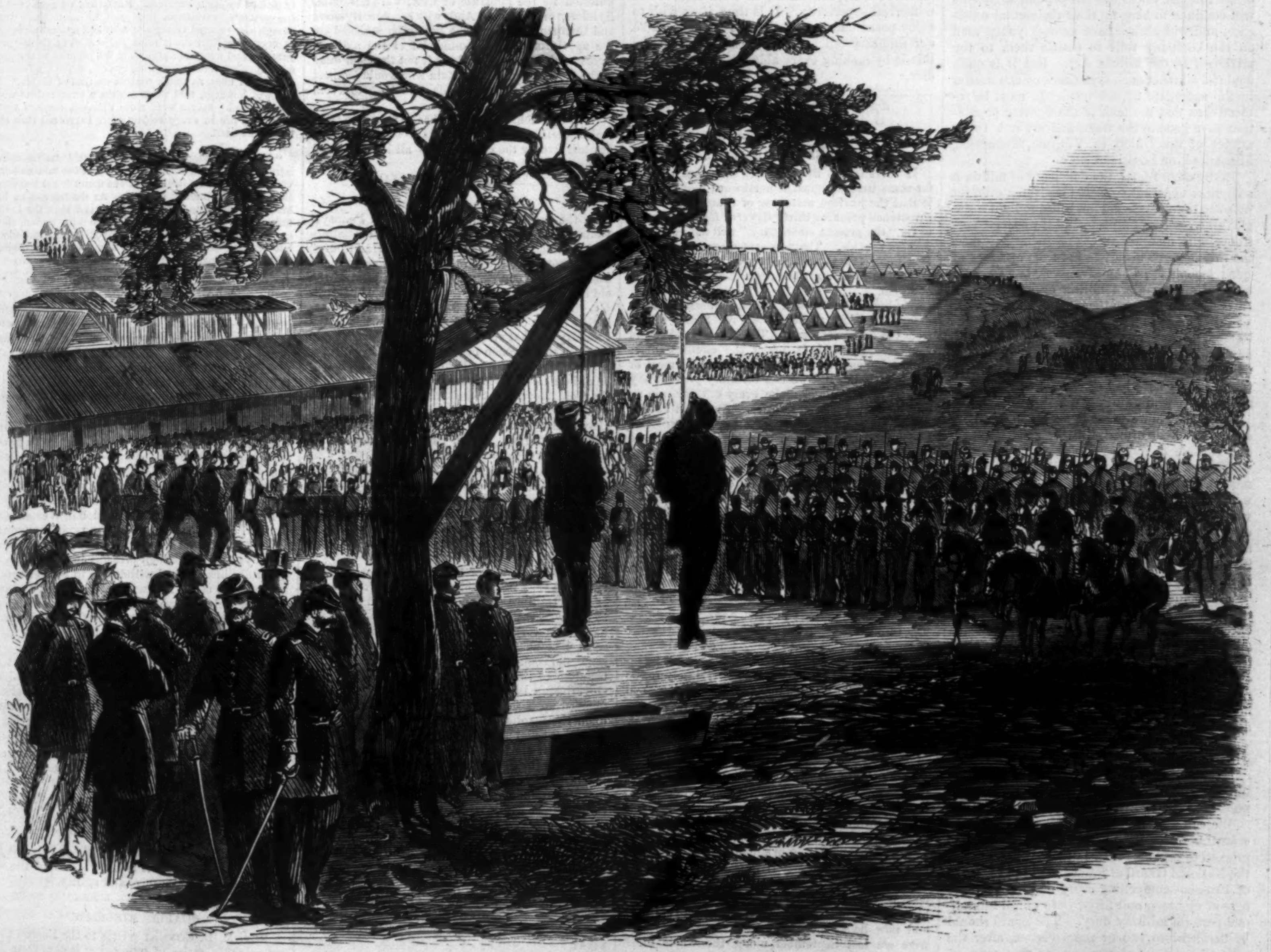
The gallows was constructed by a wild cherry-tree not far from the dépôt, and in a very public place. Two ropes hung dangling from the beam, reaching within eight feet of the ground. A little after nine o'clock A.M. the whole garrison was marshaled around the place of execution in solemn sadness. Two poplar coffins were lying a few feet away. Twenty minutes past nine the guards conducted the prisoners to the scaffold—they walked firm and steady, as if unmindful of the fearful precipice which they were approaching. The guards did them the honor to march with arms reversed.

Arrived at the place of execution they stepped upon the platform of the cart and took their respective places. The Provost Marshal, Captain Alexander, then tied a linen handkerchief over the face of each and adjusted the ropes. They then asked the privilege of bidding a last farewell, which being granted, they tenderly embraced each other. This over, the cart moved from under them, and they hung in the air. What a fearful penalty! They swung off at 9.30—in two minutes the Lieutenant ceased to struggle. The Colonel caught hold of the rope with both hands and raised himself up at 3 minutes, and ceased to struggle at 5 minutes. At 6 minutes Dr. Forester, Surgeon 6th Kentucky Cavalry, and Dr. Moss, 78th Illinois Infantry, and myself, who had been detailed to examine the bodies, approached them, and found the pulse of both full and strong. At 7 minutes the Colonel shrugged his shoulders. The pulse of each continued to beat 17 minutes, and at 20 minutes all signs of life had ceased. The bodies were cut down at 30 minutes and encoffined in full dress. The Colonel was buried with a gold locket and chain on his neck. The locket contained the portrait and a braid of hair of his intended wife—her portrait was also in his vest pocket—these were buried with him. Both men were buried in the same grave—companions in life, misfortune, and crime, companions in infamy, and now companions in the grave.

I should have stated in another place that the prisoners did not want their punishment delayed; but, well knowing the consequences of their acts, even before their *trial*, asked to have the sentence, be it by hanging or shooting, quickly decided and executed. But they deprecated the idea of death by hanging, and asked for a commutation of the sentence to shooting.

The elder and *leader* of these unfortunate men was Lawrence Williams, of Georgetown, D.C. He was as fine-looking a man as I have ever seen, about six feet high, and perhaps 30 years old. He was a son of Captain Williams, who was killed at the battle of Monterey. He was one of the most intellectual and accomplished men I have ever known. I have never known any one who excelled him as a talker. He was a member of the regular army, with the rank of captain of cavalry, when the rebellion broke out, and at that time was aid-de-camp and private secretary to General Winfield Scott. From this confidence and respect shown him by so distinguished a man may be judged his education and accomplishments. He was a first cousin of General Lee, commanding the Confederate army on the Rappahannock. Soon after the war began he was frank enough to inform General Scott that all his sympathies were with the South, as his friends and interests were there, and that he could not fight against them. As he was privy to all of General Scott's plans for the campaign, it was not thought proper to turn him loose, hence he was sent to Governor's Island, where he remained three months. After the first Bull Run battle he was allowed to go South, where he joined the Confederate army, and his subsequent history I have not been able to learn much about. He was a while on General Bragg's staff as Chief of Artillery, but at the time of his death was his Inspector-General. When he joined the Confederate army he altered his name, and now signs it thus: "Lawrance W. Orton, Col. Cav. P. A. C. S. A."—(Provisional Army Confederate States of America). Sometimes he writes his name "Orton," and sometimes "Auton," according to the object which he had in view. This we learn from the papers found on him. These facts in relation to the personal history of Colonel Orton I have gathered from the Colonel himself and from Colonel Watkins, who knows him well, they having belonged to the same regiment of the regular army—2d U. S. Cavalry. Colonel Watkins, however, did not recognize Colonel Orton until after he had made himself known, and now mourns his apostasy and tragic fate.

The other victim of this delusive and reckless daring



EXECUTION, BY HANGING, OF TWO REBEL SPIES, WILLIAMS AND PETERS, IN THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND, JUNE 9, 1863.—[SKETCHED BY MR. JAMES K. MAGIE.]

was Walter G. Peter, a lieutenant in the rebel army, and Colonel Orton's adjutant. He was a tall, handsome young man, of about twenty-five years, that gave many signs of education and refinement.

Of his history I have been able to gather nothing. He played but a second part. Colonel Orten was the leader, and did all the talking and managing. Such is a succinct account of one of the most daring enterprises that men ever engaged in. Such were the characters and the men who played the awful tragedy.

History will hardly furnish its parallel in the character and standing of the parties, the boldness and daring of the enterprise, and the swiftness with which discovery and punishment were visited upon them. They came into our camp and went all through it, minutely inspecting our position, works, and forces, with a portion of their traitorous insignia upon them; and the boldness of their conduct made their filmsy subterfuges almost successful.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1863.

TO ADVERTISERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has a circulation of OVER ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES, which are scattered over the whole country. Every number is probably read by eight or ten persons, so that advertisements in its pages reach the eye of more individuals than advertisements in any other periodical. It is essentially a home paper, and is found in every country house whose inmates take an interest in the thrilling events of the day. It is not destroyed after being read, as daily papers are, but is kept, and in many cases bound, placed in a library, and referred to from time to time. Advertisers who wish to bring their business to the notice of the public at large, and especially of the householding class, can find no medium so suitable for their purpose as *Harper's Weekly*.

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WANTED—A RESERVE FORCE.

GOVERNOR SEYMOUR has issued his proclamation in pursuance of the recent acts of the Legislature calling for the enrollment and organization—on a war footing—of the militia or national guard of the State of New York. He contemplates a force of sixteen divisions; which at the maximum would count 160,000 bayonets, but at the minimum would not exceed 40,960. Neither the acts of the Legislature nor the proclamation of the Governor look to any other source than volunteering for the organization of this force.

As the State of New York has sent over 150,000 men to the war, out of a population of 4,000,000, it may perhaps be questioned whether even so small a force as 40,960 men can still be raised, and kept in a state of efficient drill, on the voluntary principle. In this city and some of the interior towns the old popular regiments will continue to keep up their regimental existence, and will always have enough young men on the company rolls to entitle them to the privileges of the Militia Act. But it is quite doubtful whether such organizations can muster in the aggregate 20,000 men. It must be remembered that the bulk of the fighting population have gone to the wars, and are now in the armies of the Union, in Virginia, Tennessee, Mississippi, or Louisiana.

In the other States, the deficiency of militia is still more apparent. In Pennsylvania even the invasion of the State did not bring to light a single full regiment of militia, and it was New York troops who marched to Chambersburg to meet the invaders. This arises not from any lack of spirit among the Pennsylvanians, but from the want of an organized militia or home guard. In the Western States there is no such thing as a militia except on paper. The war found the Northwestern States entirely unprovided with military organizations; and since it broke out, they have been so busy furnishing troops for the war that they have had no time to organize, and no means to arm militia.

It is clear, however, that we absolutely need a reserve force, armed, drilled, and equipped, and capable of moving rapidly to any point at which our territory may be invaded, or fresh men required to complete a victory by our armies. The mere organization of such a force would compel the rebels to abandon their present projects of "carrying the war into Africa;" and contingencies might arise which would place it in the power of such a force to bring the war to a close by rapid action at a critical juncture.

Two points are clear in this connection. In the first place, our reserve force should rather exceed than fall short of half a million of men; and, secondly, it should not depend on volunteering. It may safely be taken for granted that our fighting element proper is already in the ranks, and that there are no young men now at home who would prefer to be under arms. To ask the stay-at-homes to become members of volunteer regiments is to prefer a request which will be generally disregarded. Every man will expect his neighbor to volunteer, and will abstain himself. This is one of the cases in which compulsion is a necessity.

We can see no reason why the several Governments of the loyal States should not at once proceed to organize their militia on the plan of the National Guard of France and the Landwehr of Prussia—compelling every man between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five to enroll himself and perform military duty. The guard should be divided into two or more classes, after the plan of the Conscription act, so that men of middle age with families should only be called upon after the class of young, unmarried men had been exhausted. But every man in sound health, between eighteen and fifty-five, should be compelled to enroll himself, to provide himself with a uniform, to learn the manual of arms, and to perfect himself in company, battalion, and brigade drill. An hour three times a week could be spared by every one, and would not be too much to give for the end proposed. The effect of such an organization would be that in the course of a few months the loyal States would command a reserve force, armed, drilled, and equipped, of some 2,000,000 men, of whom at least 750,000 would be ready to take the field, on any emergency, at twenty-four hours' notice, to reinforce our armies, or complete any victory which they may win. Had we had such a force ten days ago there would have been no rebel raids in Maryland and Pennsylvania. Had we had such a force last fall Lee's army would never have made good its escape after the battle of Antietam. Had we had such a force a year ago M'Clellan would have entered Richmond in July last, and the rebellion would have been over by the fall.

Such a system, once started, would be accepted cheerfully by all parties. No one in France or Prussia deems it a hardship to be compelled to perform his occasional day's service in the National Guard or *Landwehr*; nor would any of us grudge a day or two now and then for a similar purpose here, though when we are asked to volunteer we have all other business on hand.

A National Guard, consisting of all male citizens, would naturally contain within it various minor organizations. Of these the most important would be corps of sharp-shooters. A company of cool-headed, clear-eyed sharp-shooters is generally worth, in actual warfare, a brigade of ordinary troops. It takes, in real war, about 200 pounds of lead to wound an enemy. The English have realized this truth, and there are now in Great Britain over 250,000 men enrolled in volunteer rifle companies, all of whom can hit a mark at a reasonable distance. Were our State authorities to resolve upon the organization of such a reserve or National Guard as we suggest, they would naturally provide for tests of marksmanship, and would, by offering prizes for good shots, gradually form bodies of sharpshooters who would prove most valuable for actual service. Major Rowland, late of Berdan's Sharp-shooters, is already engaged in endeavoring to organize such bodies, and deserves to meet with success.

The mistake we have made throughout this war is underrating our enemy—fighting him with one hand, and taking no advantage of our numerical superiority. It is time, if we wish to enjoy peace once more, that we begin to make our numbers tell. And the best way of doing this is by making every able-bodied man a soldier.

THE LOUNGER.

THE NATION AN ARMY.

IF there is one thing clearer than that Lee has for some time designed a northward movement it is that the hurried marching of State militia to a threatened point for thirty days, or for six months, or for "the present emergency," will not be of permanent service. The "present emergency" is the rebellion. It is to be met always and every where, not in the same way, but upon the same principle of action.

We have a line of more than a thousand miles to defend, in order to hold the Free States secure from the ravages of war. To prevent sudden and rapid cavalry raids is, under the circumstances, almost impossible. The border must be more or less harassed. But we can certainly prevent any serious invasion, and make every cavalry raid an extremely perilous enterprise. And that can be done by the organization of all citizens enrolled under the Conscription act, by their constant and careful drill, and by their readiness to move as soldiers, not as raw militia, upon the first summons, and in any direction. In every State the arm-bearing population should be an army as soon as possible, and the national authorities should move them as may be necessary, either into the main armies in the field, or to special points for temporary service.

But this is converting us into a military nation? Certainly it is. And how can a republican nation conduct such a war as this except upon such a basis? It is not a war which is suddenly to disappear. The soldiers are not upon some happy day to turn their backs simultaneously upon the battle-field and return to tilling the corn-field. The rebellion is to be overcome, as a prairie fire is, by attacking it and trampling it out resolutely to the last spark. You do not make terms with it. You do not negotiate. You fight it wherever it appears, and as long as it burns.

But the war, being in its nature a radical war—a conflict of systems—the old feud between the people and privilege, it is necessarily a long war. Every civil war is so. And it is made up of fluctuating fortunes. If you would know how it is going, it must be watched, not from day to day, but from month to month, as you watch the tide, not from minute to minute, but from hour to hour. In a falling tide there is often a mounting wave, which makes the sea apparently rising; but an hour hence the mounting wave falls below the point wet by the least wave now. Last September, sighs some feeble soul, Lee was in Maryland and Pennsylvania, and now he is there again. Very well: where were we last September along the whole line? What is the comparative area of the rebellion then and now? Good, feeble soul, if you break your heart over any particular defeat or aggression, it will certainly not last you to the end of a war which can be waged only by stout, cheerful hearts, that no blow can shatter and no mischance appall.

If, therefore, we are not dismayed and do not mean to be, but are really persuaded that we must fight to avoid wars worse than this war, let the authorities make the citizens soldiers as soon as possible: national soldiers, to march wherever the national welfare demands, under regulations that, while they do not weigh too heavily upon any man, yet amply secure an overpowering army.

A LOST LEADER.

THOSE who have been so loud in declaring, since the invasion of Pennsylvania, that the only hope for the country lay in the recall of General M'Clellan to the command of the Army of the Potomac should remember that it will be very hard for the people to believe that the national salvation depends this week upon an officer whose name was cheered last week with that of Jeff Davis, by a meeting which insisted that we were "whipped," and that we must have peace at any price.

Nor will the popular confidence in that commander be stimulated by the fact that the Common Council of New York, a body celebrated neither for unconditional patriotism nor for unswerving honesty, ask for his reappointment by a resolution stated to have been prepared by a Mr. Kerrigan, who before the rebellion was declared was engaged in raising troops apparently to aid it, and who afterward, having obtained a command in our army, was court-martialed and cashiered.

Neither, as we have heretofore said, can General M'Clellan himself be surprised by the apathy toward him of all earnest loyal men, when he reflects that at all Copperhead Conventions his name is hailed with the loudest applause, and that all the Copperhead papers and orators, who are doing their utmost to paralyze the Administration and secure the success of the rebellion, constantly commend him and his services.

Certainly it was enough to destroy all faith in the loyalty of Vallandigham that his name was mentioned in the rebel section with admiration. But does any loyal man feel that there is any less pollution in the applause of Fernando Wood's faction than in that of Jefferson Davis? Whoever consents without protest to be commended by rebels, or by masked sympathizers with rebellion, voluntarily shares the odium of the company he allows to praise him.

General M'Clellan must see that every loyal man necessarily asks himself, "Why do the open enemies of the war praise M'Clellan? They do not praise Grant, nor Rosecrans, nor Dupont, nor Foote, nor Dix, nor Frémont, nor Burnside, nor Schofield, nor Butler, nor Sigel, nor Porter, nor Logan, nor Sedgwick, nor Couch, nor Banks, nor Farragut. And why not? These men are not called upon to protest—and why not? Their fame is unsoiled by the applause of Cox, Vallandigham, Rynders, or Brooks. And why? Are Rynders and Company the men who are to be satisfied by the appointment of a commander of the national forces in a perilous crisis? Is it not the clear duty of the Government to ascertain who would be most agreeable to the Copperheads, and then to avoid him with energy?"

Such questions ask themselves. If they do General M'Clellan injustice, who is to blame? If he has lost forever the confidence of all loyal men of all parties, is it their fault?

LOYAL CITIZENS.

IN the first days of the excitement in Pennsylvania over the late invasion an urgent official appeal was made "to the colored men of Harrisburg" to turn out to work upon the fortifications for "the assistance of your country and the capital of the old Keystone State." Nothing could be more sensible. All loyal hands and hearts should work together in the common defense. And what is the corollary? That all loyal hands and hearts should share in the common benefit. Let us hope, then, that every loyal white Pennsylvanian cheek will be a little colored with shame by the reflection that the "old Keystone State" disfranchises the men whom she thus summons to her defense. And, above all, let us hope that nobody will lose his temper at the suggestion. For you may swear, and rail, and damn every nigger that was ever born to your heart's content, and be as hopelessly confused in twaddle about races, and amalgamation, and the intention of nature as you choose, but you will still be unable to show yourself or any body else why an intelligent, industrious, loyal man is not a good citizen, whatever his color may be.

In the beginning of the war there were some who said that if we white men couldn't save the country it might go to pieces. They did not think so last week at Harrisburg. And they would not have been very wise men if they had. For the sneer had neither principle, philosophy, common sense, nor common honor to recommend it. It was begotten of thoughtlessness and prejudice. Our Government is not one of race or color. It is not founded upon the points in which men differ, but upon the manhood in which they are all agreed. It does not aim at social equality, which is a mere phrase. It aims at the protection of the personal and political rights of man. The war for its maintenance, therefore, is not that of Americans, or Germans, or Irishmen, or of white, black, red, or brown races, but of every true man who lives under its protection.

MRS. KEMBLE'S JOURNAL ON A GEORGIAN PLANTATION.

THIS remarkable book, which will be issued next week by the Harpers, is just out in London. In speaking of works which are enlightening the English mind about us and our war, Mr. Conway says:

> "The latest work of this kind, and one destined to produce a sensation upon both sides of the Atlantic, is that of Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler, who has just published the Diary of her sojourn upon a Georgia plantation. It is tremendous, and many think it more telling than 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

The London *Atheneum*, in a long and elaborate review of Mrs. Kemble's Diary, acknowledges the graphic power and profound influence of the work, and confesses the revolting and necessarily brutalizing condition of a society founded upon slavery as the chief corner-stone. The book, and the *Atheneum's* review of it, like that of the *Spectator*, will help open the eyes of people in England who, under cover of a maudlin admiration of what they call "a gallant people striking for their liberty," are effectively aiding the establishment of the most barbarous despotism. Yet the reader will remember that the *Atheneum* itself is too British to be a friend of ours; while it is too human not to sicken over the state of society exposed in this book. Will the *Atheneum* reflect that this rebellion is nothing but the insurrection of that society against civilization, human liberty, and civil order?

It says of the book:

> "It tells the story of a lady who, born an Englishwoman and reared in the atmosphere of British freedom, was in an evil day induced to marry a Southern proprietor, being at the time of her wedding ignorant that the man whom she swore to love and honor had a vested interest in human wretchedness and degradation. It tells how, after she had become the mother of beautiful children, she together with her babes accompanied her husband to Georgia just five-and-twenty years since, and made acquaintance with the 'peculiar institution' as a fact of daily experience—not as a system observed from a distance through the glasses of opponents and apologists, novelists and poets. It tells how she saw the iron piercing the soul of an oppressed race and might not raise a hand to pluck it out—how her womanly sympathy for her wretched servants only brought them stripes from the taskmaster and a sterner bondage. Finally, it tells how, utterly defeated in her attempts to do good, and forbidden to weep with those whose tears she had daily to witness—whose cries were constantly in her ears—she fled from scenes where compassion was a crime. A more startling and fearful narrative on a well-worn subject was never laid before readers, and the story does not lose in effect from the fact that its teller is well known to her countrywomen and honored by all who honor genius.
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> "Amidst such scenes did Mrs. Fanny Kemble collect her facts on slavery—facts which she has put forth in a manner that signally shows how much the cause of Abolition has lost through idealistic treatment by romance writers. She uses plain terms, calling a spade a spade, and we thank her for so doing. The mealy-mouthed apologists, whose function it is to 'make things pleasant' with regard to slavery, and to whom we could not justly refuse a hearing in answer to the exaggerations of the novelists, have of late had it all their own way. But the time has now come for heed to be given to the other side. For many a day we have heard enough, and rather more than enough, about the chivalry of Southern gentlemen, the moral and physical graces of Southern women, the patriarchal character of the peculiar institution, the devotion of slaves to their masters, the tenderness of overseers who with aching hearts flog their blackies mercifully, just as mothers whip their children, to do them good, and make them upright members of society. It is time to look at the picture from a fresh point of view, and hear its features explained by other lecturers. But before we give heed to the author's revelations, it is well for us to know that though she entered Georgia 'prejudiced against slavery,' as every Englishwoman must be, she went there 'prepared to find many mitigations in the practice to the general injustice and cruelty of the system, much kindness on the part of masters, much content on that of slaves.' It appears, however, that these moderate expectations were disappointed. Slaves were more debased, masters more cruel, and life in every respect more barbarous than she had anticipated.
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> "But Mrs. Fanny Kemble's most valuable testimony relates to the working of slavery. Prepared to take a liberal view of the peculiar institution, she found it not less atrocious in details than in principle. As the negroes on her husband's plantations were treated better than the involuntary laborers on many estates in the same region, slavery was displayed to her under favorable circumstances, but what she saw differed widely from what the apologists of the system had led her to look for."

A RAID FROM PENNSYLVANIA.

WHILE Pennsylvania is invaded, Pennsylvania invades. While the balls of the rebels are base, it is with base-balls that the sons of the Keystone State advance upon New York. Still there is a difference. It is play that the latter come for; it is in deadly earnest that the rebels ride.

In fact, upon Monday morning, June 15, a party of Pennsylvanians with base-balls and clubs advanced rapidly upon the city of New York; crossed the East River to Long Island, and engaged a party in Brooklyn; recrossed to Hoboken on the following day, and the next morning returned to Long Island, where a contest of two days ensued. Pushing on toward the interior, the enterprising Pennsylvanians took up a strong position in Westchester County, at Morrisania; and by a rapid movement appeared at Newark, in New Jersey, on the following day; and before their presence in that State was generally known, had withdrawn in perfect safety to the banks of the Delaware, after a week's operations, in which they had increased their own glory and propitiated the favor and kindly remembrance of the communities through which they had made their raid.

Let us hope that no reader is so dull that he does not know we are speaking of the Athletic Base-Ball Club of Philadelphia, of which Colonel Fitzgerald of that city is President. Before their coming the Club frankly announced its intention in the following shrewd manner:

> "This bold step is not undertaken by the Athletics in a spirit of bravado, but rather with a view to acquire all the new points of the game—to reawaken interest in Base-Ball, and to renew associations which they have found most delightful—the good-fellowship, the manliness, and the hearty hospitality of the players in and around New York having long since passed into a proverb."

The Base-Ball Club has this great value at the present moment, that it is the "school of the soldier" in vigor, endurance, and agility.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

REV. M. D. CONWAY writes to the Boston *Commonwealth* a series of interesting letters from England, chatting about men and things in the most lively, pleasant way. His opportunities of seeing the people in whom we are all interested are evidently many and favorable, and he is so sincerely alive to the scope and progress of the war that he can not fail to be serviceable to the good cause in the very home of its enemies. We have already quoted his graphic picture of Thomas Carlyle. From some later letters we take this account of Charles Kingsley, which will grieve many a true heart in this country. Kingsley, however, did not succeed in persuading Macmillan not to publish Professor Cairnes's book; for the work, originally issued by Parker & Son, was published in the second and enlarged edition by Macmillan. We hope when Mr. Conway goes to Oxford he will not fail to draw a full-length portrait of Goldwin Smith, who is Professor of History at Oxford, as Kingsley is at Cambridge, but who, unlike Kingsley, is constantly doing good things for us and for mankind, and who has just now published a pamphlet upon the kind of sanction given by the Bible to American slavery. Mr. Conway says:

> "I had learned before going, that the general opinion at both Oxford and Cambridge was adverse to the North. Much of this at the latter University is owing to the unwearied efforts of Rev. Charles Kingsley, who has lectured and written and talked on the side of the Southern oppressors until many of his once earnest friends, such as Hughes and Dicey, speak of him as a 'lost leader.' Kingsley's only regret now is, that he once wrote such a book as 'Alton Locke.' He has given up his former brave testimonies for Justice and Humanity, for a chaplaincy to the Prince of Wales and a reception among the aristocracy. But, poor man, none love him now, and not even his new companies will trust him far. Still he has managed to stifle the sympathy with the cause of freedom whenever it began to rise near him. That he knows it is the cause of Liberty in America that he opposes, is shown by many facts; among others by this, that he persuaded Macmillan not to publish Cairnes's book, which is written entirely in the interest of Human Rights and not in that of any party."

There is a sting in the following sarcasm which our Copperhead patriots may wisely ponder. Mr. Conway is speaking of the adulation offered by the bold Britons, who never, never, never will be slaves to the Prince of Wales and his wife:

> "I have seen a vast crowd gathered at the palace gate here, which I was assured had been there from early morning to dusk, to see the Prince and Princess, who, rumor said, were to pass that way. 'You do not have so good a chance to see him,' said I to a man among them, 'as we had in America: in Cincinnati I danced in the same set, and afterward had a chat for several minutes with him.' 'Ah,' replied he, 'you are all sovereigns over there—unless Jeff Davis makes you subjects again.'"

◆

A QUESTION SETTLED.

THE Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* publishes a poem with the following remarks:

> "The following touching and beautiful verses have already appeared in these columns. They were attributed to a private in the National service. A local contemporary corrected this statement by stating that the verses first appeared in *Harper's Weekly*, and were the production of the lamented Fitz James O'Brien, who was wounded at Ball's Bluff and died after his arm had been amputated. We received at the time a communication claiming that the lines were written by a lady, whose name we have forgotten. The verses have gone all over the world. They have appeared in the London *Times*, where they were attributed to a private in the Confederate service. They are again claimed by a lady who writes for one of the New York weeklies. As it is uncontradicted that the verses first appeared in *Harper's Weekly*, it would be a matter of interest to have the question settled on the authority of the conductors of that journal. The following are the lines:
>
> "'All quiet along the Potomac,' they say,
> 'Except now and then a stray picket
> Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
> By a rifleman hid in the thicket,'" etc.

The poem was originally contributed to *Harper's Weekly* by a lady, and is copyrighted. Mr. O'Brien, who was also the author of many stirring and touching lyrics in this paper, was not, however, wounded at Ball's Bluff. It was in a skirmish of General Lander's forces near Hancock that he received the wound from the effects of which he died.

◆

"LLOYD'S WEEKLY NEWSPAPER."

A LITERARY friend, R. S. M., in Philadelphia, who is familiar with the details of English literature, writes that the circulation of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, which we put at five hundred thousand, has never exceeded two hundred thousand a week, and that its price is not a penny, but exactly double that—four cents. Our statement was made upon the authority of what seemed a very accurate letter from London by one who knew. But he must know a great deal more of such matters than we do who would venture to correct R. S. M. He is doubtless right. But it certainly says at the head of the paper, "Price one penny. Stamped, two pence." (R. S. M. will understand that this is only the parting shot of a vanquished party.)

◆

A NEW COLLAR.

THERE is no end to curious invention; and at last, after linen and cotton and paper and muslin, there is "a new thing in collars." Mr. S. W. H. Ward, 387 Broadway, offers *patent steel collars!* They are no stiffer than the starched linen should theoretically be; they defy the most moistening shower; and they are readily cleaned by rubbing them with a wet towel! They are made of various forms, upright or turn-over, and the ladies are not forgotten. The thin steel is covered with white enamel, and every man may wear a "dog-collar" which shall not be merely a name.

◆

LITERARY.

THE "American Publishers' Circular" (G. W. Childs), in its new form, is a truly valuable manual of current literature. The information in the French and English letters is copious and interesting; and its record of domestic literary intelligence is complete. Every fortnight it shows what books are, and are to be, published in all the great book-markets of the world.

The "Fairy Book" (Harpers) is a book to make the heart of every child in the land rejoice, and the purse of every parent open. It is a collection by Miss Mulock, the author of "John Halifax," etc., of all the most famous and delightful standard fairy stories printed in a handsome and attractive form. The stories are told in the old-fashioned simple way in which we all used to read them, and without any comment or dilution or impertinent moralizing.

Mr. Charles T. Evans, the energetic general agent of the Rebellion Record, publishes under the editorship of Mr. Frank Moore, "Papers of the Day," a series of short timely essays upon the most engrossing topics of the time. The first is an account of "The Freedmen of South Carolina" by Charles Nordhoff, and is full of the results of a tour of observation among them by a remarkably shrewd, calm, and intelligent observer, who had peculiar facilities for correct appreciation of their condition, and who writes in the most trenchant, animated, and interesting manner. Such papers are contributions of essential value to our history, and being ephemeral in form should be secured upon their appearance.

"Americans in Rome" is a work by Henry P. Leland from the same publisher. It is a lively, picturesque description of life in Rome, and its amusing fidelity is sure to be recognized by every reader who has lived for some time in that city. It is a charming and cheerful picture of the little incidents and details which the graver tourist is so apt to bury under his ponderous account of ruins and buildings and history, yet which abide so permanently in memory.

"Science for the School and Family," by Professor Hooker, of Yale (Harpers), is a delightful introduction to the mysteries of Natural Philosophy, by an experienced and competent master. It is an admirable manual for the household, and answers simply the thousand questions about common phenomena which every intelligent child continually asks and few parents can clearly answer.

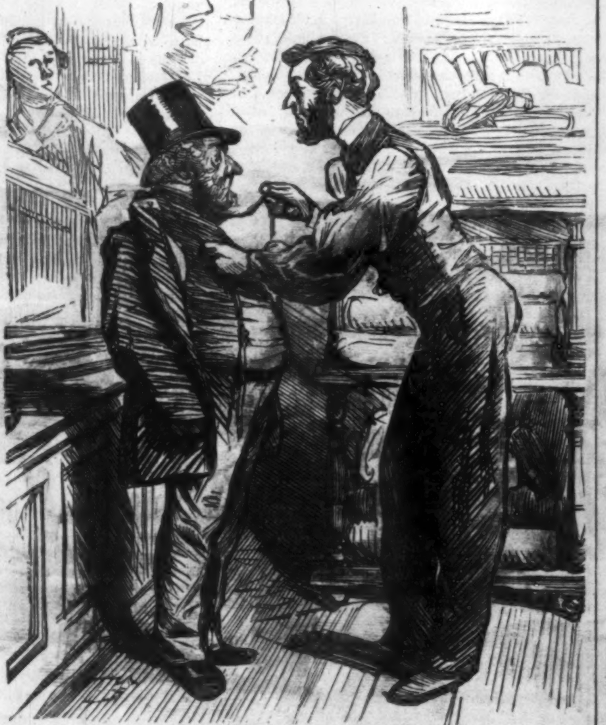
"A Point of Honor" (Harpers) is a simple, tender love story, briefly and pleasantly told—good for reading in these summer days under the trees, if any reader finds time to lie there.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"CAN I show you any thing more to-day, Sir?" asked the civil gentleman behind the counter of his worthy customer. "Yes, Sir," was the reply; "will you be good enough to show me the silk umbrella I left here three weeks ago?"

◆

In the window of a shop in the city a violin is exhibited at a high price, being "the property of a gentleman in fine condition."



TAILOR'S SHOP—A DISTINCTION.

NEW CUSTOMER.—"I've had my clothes hitherto from—"

BROADWAY TAILOR.—"Clothes! jus' so, Sir! He! He! We may concede you to be Clothed, Sir! but we re'lly can't call you Dressed; we can't, indeed!"

"There's no humbug about these sardines," said Brown, as he helped himself to a third plateful from a newly-opened box; "they are the genuine article, and came all the way from the Mediterranean." "Yes," replied his economical wife, "and if you will only control your appetite they will *go a great deal farther*." Brown did not ask for any more.

◆

From Camden to Bletchley, a distance of forty miles, I traveled along with Mrs. Greaves. She was a sweet and interesting woman—so sweet and interesting that, fastidious as I am on the subject, I believe I would have been willing to have kissed her. I had, however, several reasons for not perpetrating this act. First: I am such a good husband I wouldn't even be guilty of the appearance of disloyalty to my sweet wife. Second: I was afraid our fellow-passengers would see me and tell Greaves. Third: I do not think Mrs. G. would let me.

◆

An old skipper says it is a curious fact that *reckless* captains are the most liable to *wrecks*.

◆

"Why, Hans, you have the most feminine cast of countenance I have ever seen." "Oh, yah," replied Hans: "I know de reason for dat—mine moder vas a voomans."

◆

"John, my son," said a doting father, who was about taking him into business, "what shall be the style of the new firm?" "Well, governor," said the youth, "I don't know—but suppose we have it John H. Samplin and Father?" The old gentleman was struck with the originality of the idea, but didn't adopt it.

◆

Fontenelle describes a lover as a man who, in his anxiety to obtain possession of another, loses possession of himself.

◆

Some editorial philosopher says—"If you wish to increase the size and prominence of your eyes, just keep an account of the money you spend foolishly, and add it up at the end of the year."

◆

"Soldiers must be fearfully dishonest," says Mrs. Partington, "as it seems to be a nightly occurrence for a sentry to be relieved of his watch."

◆

A hypocritical scoundrel in Athens inscribed over his door, "Let nothing evil enter here." Diogenes wrote under it, "How does the owner get in?"

◆

Why does being under a bridge make the most stupid fellow a bit of a wag?—Because then he has an arch way about him.

◆

If an empty purse could speak, what loving sentiment would it express?—"You will find no change in me."

◆

"I shall not die unheard," as the pig said when the butcher stuck him.

◆

An architect proposes to build a "Bachelor's Hall," which will differ from most houses in having no Eves.

◆

"I speak within bounds," as the prisoner said to the jailer.

◆

"Paws for a reply," as the cat said when she scratched the dog for barking at her.

◆

When is a window like a star?—When it's a sky-light.

◆

Which is the largest jewel in the world?—The Emerald Isle.

◆

The following is exhibited, in large letters, on a shop-shutter in London:—"Mr. S. having disposed of this business to Mr. P., will be opened by him on Friday morning."

◆

We were told that, the other day, a literary gentleman, being rather badly off for pens, sat down to write with a headache. It is, we believe, a painful operation, but a great saving of quills.

◆

When an old farmer in Essex buried his wife, a friend asked the disconsolate why he expended so much money on her funeral. "Oh, Sir," replied he, "she would have done as much, or more, for me, with pleasure."

◆

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why are lawyers like sawyers?
Because whichever way they work, down must come the dust.

My first is a domestic animal,
My second a part of speech,
My third is an article of the toilet,
And my whole is a tomb.
Cat-a-comb.

Why is a bustle like a historical novel?
Because it is fiction founded on fact.

Why should not a teetotaler have a wife?
Because he can not support her (sup porter).

What color is the grass when snow is upon it?
Invisible green.

Name me and you break me.
Silence.

My first is a preposition,
My second is a composition,
And my whole is an acquisition.
For-tune.

In describing a fire, what three authors would you name?
Dickens, Howitt (how it), Burns!

Why was the whale who swallowed Jonah like a successful hydropathic doctor?
Because he managed to get a good profit (prophet) out of the waters.

My first is colorless and dark,
My second's always in the park;
If you're my whole you then may know,
I think your conduct but so-so.
Blackguard.

Why is Rowland Hill giving sovereigns to his children like the rising sun?
Because he tips the little hills with gold.

My second is found in every hedge, as well as every tree;
And when poor school-boys act amiss, it often is their fee;
My first is always wicked, yet ne'er committed sin,
My whole for my first is fitted, composed of brass and tin.
Candlestick.

Why is a looking-glass like a dissatisfied and ungrateful acquaintance?
Because though you may load its back with silver it will always reflect upon you.

Why is a cow's tail like a swan's bosom?
Because it grows down.

My first informs me time has wingèd feet;
My second keeps our gardens neat;
My whole's a safe retreat to those
Who guard our homes from midnight foes.
Watch-box.

Why is a person putting his father into a sack like a person on his way to an Eastern city?
Because he is going to Bagdad (bag dad).

Why is a glass-blower the most likely to set the alphabet in full gallop?
Because he makes a D canter (decanter).

Why is my hat like a giblet-pie?
Because it has a goose's head inside.

Why is a boy ill like a small church?
Because he is a chapel (chap ill).

My first is often heard in a play-house;
My second gives name to a faction;
My whole contains the annals of all nations.
His-tory.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE REBEL INVASION OF THE NORTH.

SINCE we last wrote the rebels appear to have been dashing hither and thither in Maryland and Pennsylvania, robbing farms and store-houses, but staying in no one locality for any length of time. They have been heard of successively at Chambersburg, M'Connellsburg, Scotland, in Pennsylvania, and Hagerstown, Frederick, Cumberland, Hancock, etc., in Maryland. Nothing is positively known of their force, but it is conjectured that the whole invading army consists of perhaps a couple of thousand cavalry. It is said, however, that a *corps d'armée* or division, probably Ewell's, are at Williamsport on the Upper Potomac. At 11 A.M. on 23d a body of rebels reoccupied Chambersburg in great force, and our troops, under General Knipe, fell back to Shippensburg and Carlisle. General Knipe arrived at the latter place the same evening, and his arrival led to another panic, the inhabitants flying in every direction, with the usual agony about a rebel attack on Harrisburg.

Large bodies of volunteer militia have gone forward from this State to repel the invaders, and the Pennsylvanians appear likewise to be enlisting—though not with alacrity. Some Jersey regiments have likewise gone to the scene of action. In Maryland the President's call for troops has elicited no response.

Rebel cavalry are said to have made their appearance on the Ohio and Indiana border; and there are rumors of small bodies having crossed the line on predatory excursions. A rumor to the effect that some rebels had made their appearance at Uniontown, Pennsylvania, scared the people of Pittsburg to death on 23d. Work was immediately suspended, and all hands set to build fortifications.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The Army of the Potomac is said to be on or near the old Bull Run battle-field. General Lee's whereabouts are unknown, but he is supposed to be in the Shenandoah Valley. A decisive battle is momentarily expected, and General Hooker has placed an embargo upon correspondence until it comes off.

CAVALRY FIGHT AT MIDDLEBURG.

HEAD-QUARTERS, CAVALRY CORPS,
CAMP NEAR UPPERVILLE, *June* 21—5.30 P.M.

Brigadier-General S. Williams:

GENERAL,—I moved with my command this morning to Middleburg, and attacked the cavalry force of the rebels under Stuart, and steadily drove him all day, inflicting heavy loss at every step.

We took two pieces of artillery, one being a Blakely gun, together with three caissons, besides blowing one up. We also captured upward of sixty prisoners, and more are coming in, including a lieutenant-colonel, major, and five other officers, and a large number of wounded rebels left in the town of Upperville.

They left their dead and wounded upon the field. Of the former I saw upward of twenty. We also took a large number of carbines, pistols, and sabres. In fact, it was a most disastrous day to the rebel cavalry.

Our loss has been very small, both in men and horses. I never saw the troops behave better or under more difficult circumstances. Very heavy charges were made, and the sabre was used freely, but always with great advantage to us.

A. PLEASANTON, Brigadier-General.

THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

Full accounts are published of the late desperate two days' battle at Winchester between General Milroy and General Ewell, which terminated in a disastrous retreat of the Union forces to Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry, with only two thousand men out of seven thousand, and having lost all the artillery, stores, baggage, and every thing except what the men carried on their persons. Three entire batteries of field artillery and one battery of siege guns, about two hundred and eighty wagons, over twelve hundred horses and mules, all the commissary and quarter-master's stores and ammunition of all kinds, over six thousand muskets and small-arms without stint, the private baggage of the officers and men, all fell into the hands of the enemy.

GENERAL LEE'S REPORT.

RICHMOND, *June* 16, 1863.

A dispatch from General Lee, dated the 15th, says:

God has again crowned the valor of our troops with success. Ewell's division stormed the intrenchments at Winchester, capturing their artillery, etc.

LEE.

FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

The siege of Vicksburg progresses slowly, but, we are told, favorably. Persons in official circles looked for the assault and capture of the city before this. General Grant's approaches were within a few yards of the rebel works at the latest dates. Our advices from Grant's army are to 19th at noon. At that time heavy firing was going on from both sides. General M'Clernand has been removed from the command of the 13th Army Corps by General Grant, and General Ord appointed in his place.

From Port Hudson we have no advices except that the siege is progressing.

A RAID INTO EAST TENNESSEE.

A dispatch from Murfreesboro on 22d states that General Carter has made another raid into East Tennessee with 2000 mounted infantry, spreading terror before him. He destroyed the station and took up the track at Lenor, and advanced as far as Loudon, where he drew up in line of battle to meet the enemy. He stated his intention to march on Knoxville and destroy that city.

CAPTURE OF THE "ATLANTA-FINGAL."

Our blockading squadron has diminished the rebel fleet of privateers by one very valuable and dangerous steamer, the *Atlanta*, formerly known as the Clyde-built vessel *Fingal*. She came down on the morning of the 17th inst. into Warsaw Sound, by way of Wilmington River, accompanied by two wooden steamers loaded with spectators. The *Weehawken*, commanded by Captain Rodgers, at once engaged her, and fired in all but five shots, three of which took effect, penetrating her armor and killing or wounding the crews of two guns. Two of her three pilots were also wounded, the top of her pilot-house being shot away. She then grounded, after having fired six shots, and immediately afterward surrendered. Her armament consists of two 7-inch and two 6-inch Brooks guns, rifled, and her officers and crew numbered 165. She had on board instruments and stores for a regular cruise. The prisoners reached Fortress Monroe on 22d.

REBEL RAIDERS PUNISHED.

General Burnside telegraphs to General Halleck from Cincinnati that Colonel de Courcy, with parts of the Tenth and Fourteenth Kentucky Cavalry and Eighth and Ninth Michigan Cavalry, cut off at Triplett's bridge the body of rebel cavalry that made the raid upon Maysville. He killed and wounded many of the rebels, and took over one hundred prisoners, including one captain and two lieutenants, and recaptured all the property stolen at Maysville. General Burnside says that the rebels are broken to pieces, and may be destroyed altogether, as our people are hunting them up.

LOSS OF THE "NORWEGIAN."

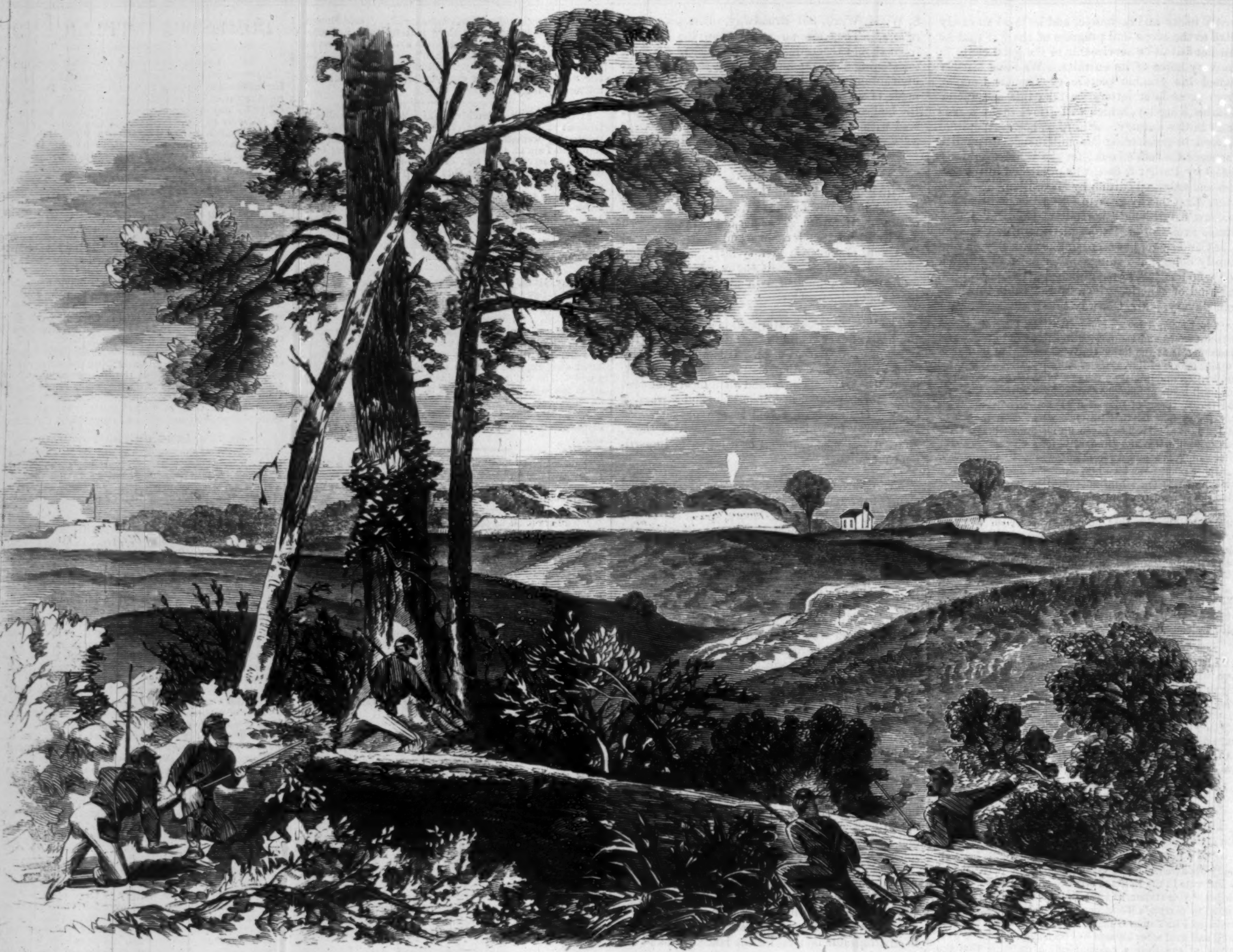
The steamship *Norwegian*, Captain M'Master, which left Liverpool on the 4th and Londonderry on the 5th of June, for Montreal, was wrecked on the 14th instant, on St. Paul's Island, Cape Breton. She struck about seven o'clock in the morning, during a dense fog, about a mile and a quarter east of the Northeast Light. She had 329 passengers on board. They were all saved, with the greater portion of their baggage. The Governor of St. Paul's Island lent all the assistance in his power. The *Norwegian* belonged to the Montreal Steamship Company, and her wreck makes the seventh vessel which they have lost.

FOREIGN NEWS.

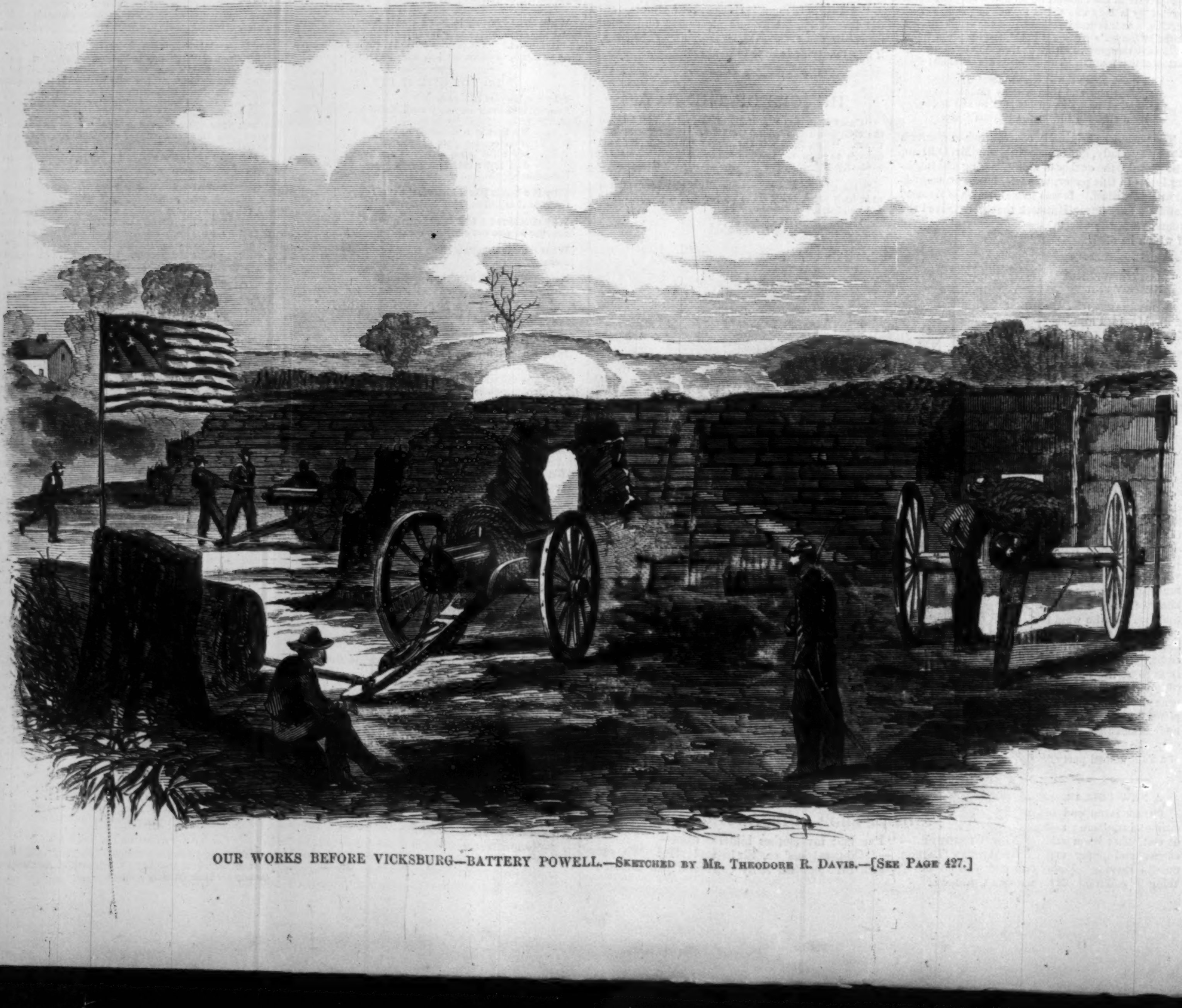
ENGLAND.

THE PRESIDENT'S ANSWER.

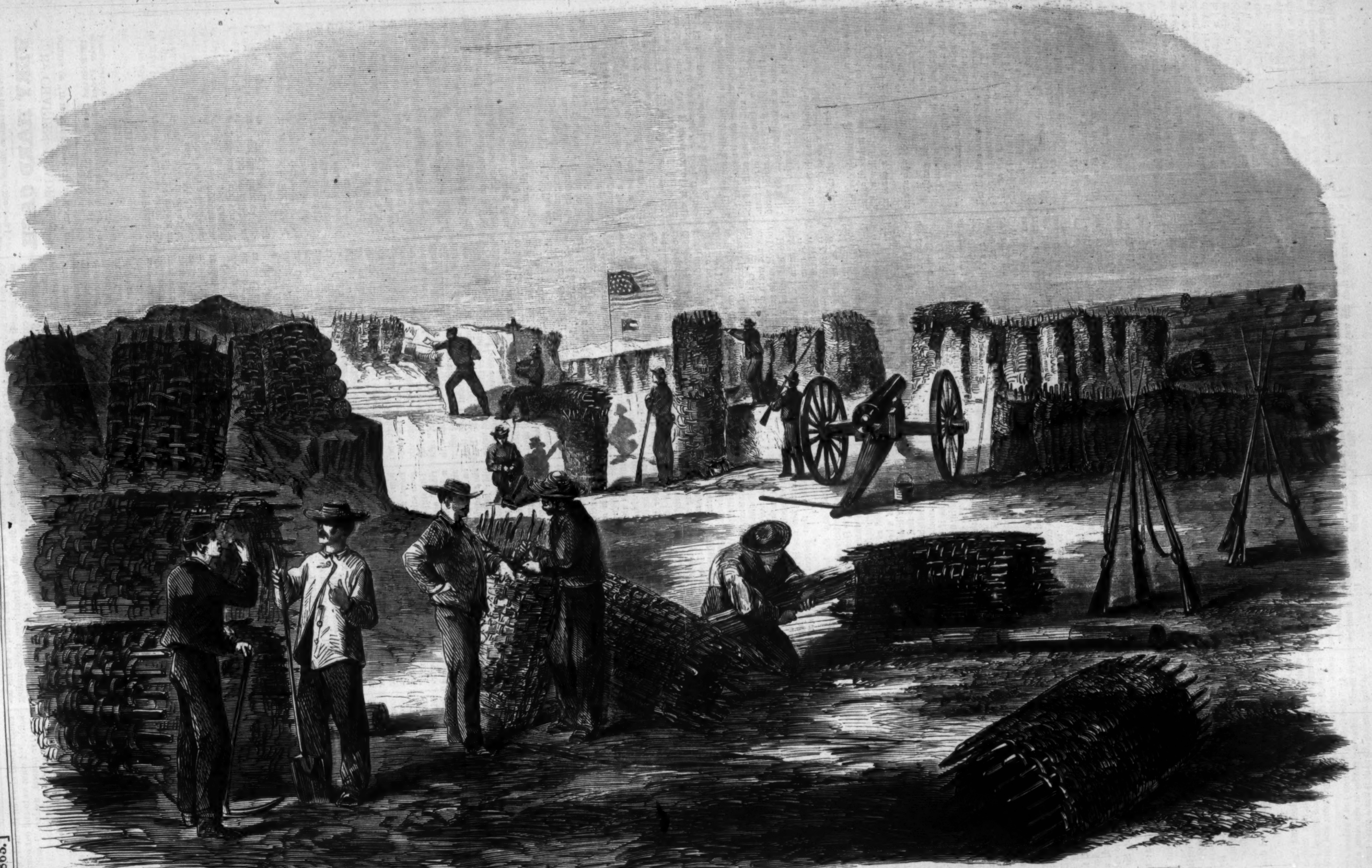
PRESIDENT LINCOLN, through Minister Adams, had returned his warm thanks to the Liverpool Emancipation Society for their friendly address.


Fort Hill—M'Pherson's Approaches.
Ransom's Attack.
Smith's Attack.
Sherman's Approaches.
Batteries Waterhouse, Hart, and others

OUR WORKS BEFORE VICKSBURG—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 427.]



OUR WORKS BEFORE VICKSBURG—BATTERY POWELL.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 427.]



OUR WORKS BEFORE VICKSBURG—BATTERY HICKENLOOPER.—Drawn by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 427.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XVI.

The subsiding sea was now a liquid Paradise: its great pellucid braes and hillocks shone with the sparkle, and the hues, of all the jewels in an emperor's crown. Imagine—after three days of inky sea, and pitchy sky, and Death's deep jaws snapping and barely missing with a click—ten thousand great slopes of emerald, aquamarine, amethyst, and topaz, liquid, alive, and dancing jocundly beneath a gorgeous sun: and you will have a faint idea of what met the eyes and hearts of the rescued looking out of that battered, jagged, ship, upon ocean smiling back to smiling Heaven.

Yet one man felt no buoyancy, nor gush of joy. He leaned against a fragment of the broken bulwark, confused between the sweetness of life preserved, and the bitterness of treasure lost, his wife's and children's treasured treasure; benumbed at heart, and almost weary of the existence he had battled for so stoutly. He looked so moody, and answered so grimly and unlike himself, that they all held aloof from him; heavy heart among so many joyful ones, he was in true solitude; the body in a crowd, the soul alone. And he was sore as well as heavy: for, of all the lubberly acts he had ever known, the way he had lost his dear ones' fortune seemed to him the worst.

A voice sounded in his ear: "Poor thing; she has foundered!"

It was Fullalove scanning the horizon with his famous glass.

"Foundered? Who?" said Dodd; though he did not care much who sank, who swam. Then he remembered the vessel, whose flashing guns had shed a human ray on the unearthly horror of the black hurricane. He looked all round.

Blank!

Ay, she had perished with all hands. The sea had swallowed her, and spared him; ungrateful.

This turned his mind sharply. Suppose the *Agra* had gone down, the money would be lost as now, and his life into the bargain, a life dearer to all at home than millions of gold: he prayed inwardly to Heaven for gratitude, and goodness to feel its mercy. This softened him a little; and his heart swelled so, he wished he was a woman to cry over his children's loss for an hour, and then shake all off and go through his duty somehow; for now he was paralyzed, and all seemed ended. Next, nautical superstition fastened on him. That pocket-book of his was Jonah; It had to go or else the ship; the moment It did go, the storm had broken as by magic.

Now Superstition is generally stronger than rational Religion, whether they lie apart, or together in one mind: and this superstitious notion did something toward steeling the poor man. "Come," said he to himself, "my loss has saved all these poor souls on board this ship. So be it! Heaven's will be done! I must bustle, or else go mad."

He turned to and worked like a horse: and with his own hands helped the men to rig parallel ropes—a substitute for bulwarks—till the perspiration ran down him.

Bayliss now reported the well nearly dry, and Dodd was about to bear up and make sail again, when one of the ship-boys, a little fellow with a bright eye and a chin like a monkey's, came up to him and said,

"Please, Captain!" Then glared with awe at what he had done, and broke down.

"Well, my little man?" said Dodd, gently.

Thus encouraged, the boy gave a great gulp, and burst in a brogue: "Och your arnr, sure there's no rudder on her at all barrin the tiller."

"What d'ye mean?"

"Don't murrder me, your arnr, and I'll tell ye. It's meself looked over the starrn just now; and I seen there was no rudder at all at all: Mille diaoul sis I; ye old bitch I'll tell his arnr what y'are after, slipping your rudder like my granny's list shoe, I will."

Dodd ran to the helm and looked down; the brat was right: the blows which had so endangered the ship, had broken the rudder, and the sea had washed it away in pieces. The sight and the reflection made him faintish for a moment. Death passing so very close to a man sickens him *afterward;* unless he has the luck to be brainless.

"What is your name, urchin?"

"Ned Murphy, Sir."

"Very well, Murphy, then you are a fine little fellow, and have wiped all our eyes in the ship: run and send the carpenter aft."

"Ay, ay, Sir."

The carpenter came. Like most artisans he was clever in a groove: take him out of that, and lo! a mule, a pig, an owl. He was not only unable to invent, but so stiffly disinclined; a makeshift rudder was clean out of his way; and, as his whole struggle was to get away from every suggestion Dodd made back to groove aforesaid, the thing looked hopeless. Then Fullalove, who had stood by grinning, offered to make a bunkum rudder, provided the carpenter and mates were put under his orders. But, said he, I must bargain they shall be disrated if they attempt to reason. "That is no more than fair," said Dodd.

The Yankee inventor demanded a spare maincap, and cut away one end of the square piece, so as to make it fit the stern-post: through the circle of the cap he introduced a spare mizzentopmast: to this he seized a length of junk, another to that, another to that, and so on: to the outside junk he seized a spare maintop-gallant mast, and this conglomerate being now nearly as broad as a rudder, he planked over all. The sea by this time was calm; he got the machine over the stern, and had the square end of the cap bolted to the stern-post. He had already fixed four spans of nine-inch hawser to the sides of the makeshift, two fastened to tackles, which led into the gun-room ports, and were boused taut—these kept the lower part of the makeshift close to the stern-post—and two, to which guys were now fixed and led through the aftermost ports on to the quarter-deck, where luff-tackles were attached to them, by means of which the makeshift was to be worked as a rudder.

Some sail was now got on the ship, and she was found to steer very well. Dodd tried her on every tack; and at last ordered Sharpe to make all sail and head for the Cape.

This electrified the first mate. The breeze was very faint but southerly, and the Mauritius under their lee. They could make it in a night, and there refit, and ship a new rudder. He suggested the danger of sailing sixteen hundred miles steered by a Gimcrack; and implored Dodd to put into port. Dodd answered with a roughness and a certain wildness never seen in him before: "Danger, Sir! There will be no more foul weather this voyage; Jonah is overboard." Sharpe stared an inquiry. "I tell you we sha'n't lower our top-gallants once from this to the Cape: Jonah is overboard:" and he slapped his forehead in despair; then, stamping impatiently with his foot, told Sharpe his duty was to obey orders, not discuss them. "Certainly, Sir," said Sharpe sullenly, and went out of the cabin with serious thoughts of communicating to the other mates an alarming suspicion about Dodd, that now for the first time crossed his mind. But long habit of discipline prevailed, and he made all sail on the ship, and bore away for the Cape, with a heavy heart: the sea was like a mill-pond, but in that he saw only its well-known treachery, to lead them on to this unparalleled act of madness: each sail he hoisted seemed one more agent of Destruction rising at his own suicidal command.

Toward evening it became nearly dead calm. The sea heaved a little, but was waveless, glassy, and the color of a rose, incredibly brave and delicate.

The look-out reported pieces of wreck to windward. As the ship was making so little way, Dodd beat up toward them; he feared it was a British ship that had foundered in the storm, and thought it his duty to ascertain and carry the sad news home. In two tacks they got near enough to see with their glasses that the fragments belonged, not to a stranger, but to the *Agra* herself; there was one of her water-butts, and a broken mast with some rigging: and, as more wreck was descried coming in at a little distance, Dodd kept the ship close to the wind to inspect it: on drifting near it proved to be several pieces of the bulwark and a mahogany table out of the cuddy. This sort of flotsom was not worth delaying the ship to pick it up; so Dodd made sail again, steering now S.E.

He had sailed about half a mile when the look-out hailed the deck again.

"A man in the water!"

"Where abouts?"

"A short league on the weather quarter."

"Oh, we can't beat to windward for *him*," said Sharpe. "He is dead long ago."

"Holds his head very high for a corpse," said the look-out.

"I'll soon know," cried Dodd. "Lower the gig; I'll go myself."

The gig was lowered, and six swift rowers pulled him to windward; while the ship kept on her course.

It is most unusual for a captain to leave the ship at sea on such petty errands: but Dodd half hoped the man might be alive; and he was so unhappy; and, like his daughter, who probably derived the trait from him, grasped instinctively at a chance of doing kindness to some poor fellow alive or dead. That would soothe his own sore, good, heart.

When they had pulled about two miles, the sun was sinking into the horizon; "Give way, men," said Dodd, "or we shall not be able to see him." The men bent to their oars, and made the boat fly.

Presently the coxswain caught sight of an object bobbing on the water abeam.

"Why, that must be it," said he: "the lubber! to take it for a man's head. Why it is nothing but a thundering old bladder, speckled white."

"What?" cried Dodd: and fell a trembling. "Steer for it! Give way!"

"Ay, ay, Sir!"

They soon came alongside the bladder, and the coxswain grabbed it: "Hallo! here's something lashed to it: a bottle!"

"Give it me!" gasped Dodd, in a voice choked with agitation. "Give it me! Back to the ship! Fly! Fly! Cut her off, or she'll give us the slip, *now*."

He never spoke a word more, but sat in a stupor of joyful wonder.

They soon caught the ship: he got into his cabin, he scarce knew how: broke the bottle to atoms, and found the indomitable cash uninjured. With trembling hands he restored it to its old place in his bosom, and sewed it tighter than ever. Until he felt it there once more, he could hardly realize a stroke of good fortune that seemed miraculous—though, in reality, it was less strange than the way he had lost it—but, now laid bodily on his heart, it set his bosom on fire: oh, the bright eye, the bounding pulse, the buoyant foot, the reckless joy! He slapped Sharpe on the back a little vulgarly, for him:

"Jonah is on board again, old fellow: look out for squalls."

He uttered this foreboding in a tone of triumph, and with a gay, elastic recklessness, which harmonized so well with his makeshift rudder, that Sharpe groaned aloud, and wished himself under any captain in the world but this, and in any other ship. He looked round to make sure he was not watched, and then tapped his forehead significantly: this somewhat relieved him, and he did his duty smartly for a man going to the bottom with his eyes open.

But ill luck is not to be bespoken any more than good: the *Agra's* seemed to have blown itself out; the wind varied to the southwest, and breathed steadily in that quarter for ten days. The top-gallant sails were never lowered nor shifted day nor night all that time: and not a single danger occurred between this and the Cape, except to a monkey, which I fear I must relate on account of its remoter consequences. One fine afternoon every body was on deck amusing themselves as they could; Mrs. Beresford, to wit, was being flattered under the poop awning by Kenealy. The feud between her and Dodd continued; but under a false impression. The lady had one advantage over the gentler specimens of her sex: she was never deterred from a kind action by want of pluck, as they are. Pluck? Aquilina was brimful of it. When she found Dodd was wounded, she cast her wrongs to the wind, and offered to go and nurse him. Her message came at an unlucky moment, and by an unlucky messenger: the surgeon said, hastily, "I can't have him bothered." The stupid servant reported, "He can't be worried:" and Mrs. Beresford, thinking Dodd had a hand in this answer, was bitterly mortified; and with some reason. She would have forgiven him though, if he had died: but, as he lived, she thought she had a right to detest him; and did: and showed her sentiments like a lady, by never speaking to him, nor looking at him, but ignoring him with frigid magnificence on his own quarter-deck.

Now, among the crew of this ship was a favorite goat, good-tempered, affectionate, playful: but a single vice counterbalanced all his virtues: he took a drop. A year or two ago some light-hearted tempter taught him to sip grog; he took to it kindly, and was now arrived at such a pitch, that at grog time he used to butt his way in among the sailors, and get close to the canteen; and, by arrangement, an allowance was always served him; on imbibing it he passed, with quadrupedal rapidity, through three stages, the absurd, the choleric, the sleepy; and was never his own goat again until he awoke from the latter. Now Master Fred Beresford encountered him in the second stage of inebriety, and, being a rough play-fellow, tapped his nose with a battle-dore. Instantly Billy butted at him; mischievous Fred screamed and jumped on the bulwarks. Pot-angry Billy went at him there; whereupon the young gentleman, with an eldrich screech, and a comparative estimate of perils that smacked of inexperience, fled into the sea at the very moment when his anxious mother was rushing to save him; she uttered a scream of agony, and would actually have followed him; but was held back uttering shriek after shriek, that pierced every heart within hearing.

But Dodd saw the boy go overboard, and vaulted over the bulwark near the helm, roared in the very air, "Heave the ship to!" and went splash into the water about ten yards from the place; he was soon followed by Vespasian, and a boat was lowered as quickly as possible. Dodd caught sight of a broad straw-hat on the top of a wave, swam lustily to it, and found Freddy inside: it was tied under his chin, and would have floated Goliah. Dodd turned to the ship, saw the poor mother with white face and arms outstretched as if she would fly at them, and held the urchin up high to her with a joyful "hurrah." The ship seemed alive and to hurrah in return with giant voice: the boat soon picked them up, and Dodd came up the side with Freddy in his arms, and placed him in his mother's with honest pride, and deep parental sympathy.

Guess how she scolded and caressed her child all in a breath, and sobbed over him! For this no human pen has ever told, nor ever will. All I can just manage to convey is that, after she had all but eaten the little torment, she suddenly dropped him, and made a great maternal rush at Dodd. She flung her arms round him and kissed him eagerly, almost fiercely: then, carried away wild by mighty Nature, she patted him all over in the strangest way, and kissed his waistcoat, his arms, his hands, and rained tears of joy and gratitude on them.

Dodd was quite overpowered: "No! no!" said he. "Don't now! pray don't! There, I know, my dear, I know; I'm a father." And he was very near whimpering himself; but recovered the man and the commander, and said, soothingly, "There! there!" and handed her tenderly down to her cabin.

All this time he had actually forgotten the packet. But now a horrible fear come on him. He hurried to his own cabin and examined it. A little salt-water had oozed through the bullet-hole and discolored the leather; but that was all. He breathed again.

"Thank Heaven I forgot all about it!" said he: "It would have made a cur of me."

La Beresford's petty irritation against Dodd melted at once before so great a thing: she longed to make friends with him; but for once felt timid: it struck her now all of a sudden that she had been misbehaving. However, she caught Dodd alone on the deck, and said to him softly, "I want so to end our quarrel."

"Our quarrel, madam!" said he; "why, I know of none: oh, about the light, eh? Well you see the master of a ship is obliged to be a tyrant in some things."

"I make no complaint," said the lady hastily, and hung her head. "All I ask you is to forgive one who has behaved like a fool, without even the excuse of being one; and—will you give me your hand, Sir?"

"Ay, and with all my heart," said Dodd, warmly, inclosing the soft little hand in his honest grasp.

And with no more ado these two high-fliers ended one of those little misunderstandings petty spirits nurse into a feud.

The ship being in port at the Cape, and two hundred hammers tapping at her, Dodd went ashore in search of Captain Robarts, and made the *Agra* over to him in the friendliest way, adding warmly that he had found every reason to be satisfied with the officers and the crew. To his surprise Captain Robarts received all this ungraciously. "You ought to have remained on board, Sir, and made me over the command on the quarter-deck." Dodd replied, politely, that it would have been more formal. "Suppose I return immediately, and man the side for you: and then you board her, say in half an hour."

"I shall come when I like," replied Robarts, crustily. "And when will you like to come?" inquired Dodd, with imperturbable good-humor.

"Now: this moment: and I'll trouble you to come along with me."

"Certainly, Sir."

They got a boat, and went out to the ship: on coming alongside, Dodd thought to meet his wishes by going first and receiving him; but the jealous, cross-grained fellow shoved roughly before him and led the way up the ship's side. Sharpe and the rest saluted him: he did not return the salute, but said, hoarsely, "Turn the hands up to muster."

When they were all aft he noticed one or two with their caps on. "Hats off, and be —— to you!" cried he. "Do you know where you are? Do you know who you are looking at? If not, I'll show you. I'm here to restore discipline to this ship: so mind how you run athwart my hawse: don't you play with the bull, my men; or you'll find his horns —— sharp. Pipe down! Now, you Sir, bring me the log-book!"

He ran his eye over it, and closed it contemptuously. 'Pirates, and hurricanes! *I* never fell in with pirates nor hurricanes: I have heard of a breeze, and a gale, but I never knew a seaman worth his salt say 'hurricane.' Get another log-book, Mr. Sharpe; put down that it begins this day at noon; and enter, that Captain Robarts came on deck, found the ship in a miserable condition, took the command, mustered the officers and men, and stopped the ship's company's grog for a week, for receiving him with hats on!"

Even Sharpe, that walking Obedience, was taken aback. "Stop—the ship's company's—grog—for a week, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir, for a week: and if you fling my orders back in my face instead of clapping on sail to execute them, I'll have you towed ashore on a grating: your name is Sharp; well my name is Damnedsharp; and so you'll find."

In short, the new captain came down on the ship like a blight.

He was especially hard on Dodd: nothing that commander had done was right, nor, had he done the contrary, would that have been right: he was disgracefully behind time; and he ought to have put in to the Isle of France, which would have retarded him: his rope bulwarks were lubberly; his rudder a disgrace to navigation: he, Robarts, was not so green as to believe that any master had really sailed sixteen hundred miles with it, and, if he had, more shame for him. Briefly a marine criticaster.

All this was spoken *at* Dodd—a thing no male does unless he is an awful snob—and grieved him, it was so unjust. He withdrew wounded to the little cabin he was entitled to as a passenger, and hugged his treasure for comfort. He patted the pocket-book, and said to it, "Never *you* mind. The greater tarter he is, the less likely to sink you, or run you on a lee shore."

With all his love of discipline, Robarts was not so fond of the ship as Dodd.

While his repairs were going on, he was generally ashore; and by this means missed a visit. Commodore Collier, one of the smartest sailors afloat, espied the Yankee makeshift from the quarter-deck of his vessel, the *Salamanca*, fifty guns. In ten minutes he was under the *Agra's* stern inspecting it; then came on board, and was received in form by Sharpe and the other officers. "Are you the master of this ship, Sir?" he asked.

"No, commodore. I am the first mate: the captain is ashore."

"I am sorry for it. I want to talk about his rudder."

"Oh, *he* had nothing to do with that," replied Sharpe, eagerly: "that was our dear old captain: he is on board. Young gentleman! ask Captain Dodd to oblige me by coming on deck! Hy! and Mr. Fullalove too." "Young gentleman?" inquired Collier. "What the devil officer is that?"

"That is a name we give the middies; I don't know why."

"Nor I neither! ha! ha!"

Dodd and Fullalove came on deck, and Commodore Collier bestowed the highest compliments on the "makeshift." Dodd begged him to transfer them to the real inventor; and introduced Fullalove.

"Ay," said Collier, "I know you Yankees are very handy. I lost my rudder at sea once, and had to ship a makeshift: but it was a curs't complicated thing; not a patch upon yours, Mr. Fullalove. Yours is ingenious, and *simple*. Ship has been in action I see: pray how was that, if I may be so bold?"

"Pirates, commodore," said Sharpe. "We fell in with a brace of Portuguese devils, latine-rigged, and carried ten guns apiece, in the Straits of Gaspar: fought em from noon till sundown, riddled one, and ran down the other, and sunk her in a moment. That was all *your* doing, captain; so don't try to shift it on other people; for we won't let you."

"If he denies it, I won't believe him," said Collier: "for he has got it in his eye. Gentlemen, will you do me the honor to dine with me to-day on board the flag-ship?"

Dodd and Fullalove accepted. Sharpe declined, with regret, on the score of duty. And as the cocked hat went down the side, after saluting him politely, he could not help thinking to himself what a difference between a real captain, who had something to be proud of, and his own unlicked cub of a skipper, with the manners of a pilot-boat. He told Robarts the next day. Robarts said nothing; but his face seemed to turn greenish; and it embittered his hatred of Dodd the inoffensive.

It is droll, and sad, but true, that Christendom is full of men in a hurry to hate. And a fruitful cause is jealousy. The schoolmen, or rather certain of the schoolmen—for nothing is much shallower than to speak of all those disputants as one school—defined woman, "a featherless biped vehemently addicted to jealousy." Whether she is more featherless than the male can be decided at a trifling expense of time, money, and reason: you have only to go to court. But as for envy and jealousy, I think it is pure, unobservant, antique Cant which has fixed them on the female character distinctively. As a mole-hill to a mountain, is women's jealousy to men's. Agatha may have a host of virtues and graces, and yet her female acquaintance will not hate her, provided she has the moderation to abstain from being downright pretty. She may sing like an angel, paint like an angel, talk—write—nurse the sick—all like an angel, and not rouse the devil in her fair sisters: so long as she does not dress like an angel. But, the minds of men being much larger than women's, yet very little greater, they hang jealousy on a thousand pegs. When there was no peg, I have seen them do with a pin.

Captain Robarts took a pin: ran it into his own heart, and hung that sordid passion on it.

He would get rid of all the Doddites before he sailed. He insulted Mr. Tickell, so that he left the service, and entered a mercantile house ashore: he made several of the best men desert: and the ship went to sea short of hands. This threw heavier work on the crew; and led to many punishments, and a steady current of abuse. Sharpe became a mere machine, always obeying, never speaking: Grey was put under arrest for remonstrating against ungentlemanly language: and Bayliss, being at bottom of the same breed as Robarts, fell into his humor, and helped hector the petty officers and men. The crew, depressed and irritated, went through their duties pully-hauly-wise. There was no song under the forecastle in the first watch, and often no grog on the mess-table at one bell. Dodd never came on the quarter-deck without being reminded he was only a passenger, and the ship was now under naval discipline.

"*I* was reared in the royal navy, Sir:" would Robarts say: "second lieutenant aboard the *Atalanta:* that is the school, Sir; that is the only school that breeds seamen. Dodd bore scores of similar taunts as a Newfoundland puts up with a terrier in office: he seldom replied, and, when he did, in a few quiet dignified words that gave no handle.

Robarts, who bore the name of a lucky captain, had fair weather all the way to St. Helena.

The guard-ship at this island was the *Salamanca*. She had left the Cape a week before the *Agra*. Captain Robarts, with his characteristic good-breeding, went to anchor in shore of Her Majesty's ship. The wind failed at a critical moment, and a foul became inevitable: Collier was on his quarter-deck, and saw what would happen long before Robarts did: he gave the needful orders, and it was beautiful to see how in half a minute the frigate's guns were run in, her ports lowered, her yards toppled on end, and a spring carried out and hauled on.

The *Agra* struck abreast her own forechains on the *Salamanca's* quarter.

(Pipe.) "Boarders away. Tomahawks! cut every thing that holds!" was heard from the frigate's quarter-deck.

Rush came a boarding party on to the merchant ship and hacked away without mercy all her lower rigging that held on to the frigate, signal halliards and all; others boomed her off with capstan bars, etc., and in two minutes the ships were clear. A lieutenant and boat's crew came for Robarts, and ordered him on board the *Salamanca*, and, to make sure of his coming, took him back with them. He found Commodore Collier standing stiff as a ramrod on his quarter-deck.

"Are you the master of the *Agra?*" (His quick eye recognized her in a moment.)

"I am, Sir."

"Then she was commanded by a seaman: and is commanded by a lubber. Don't apply for your papers this week; for you won't get them. Good-morning. Take him away!"

They returned Robarts to his ship; and a suppressed grin on a score of faces showed him the clear commanding tones of the commodore had reached his own deck. He soothed himself by stopping the men's grog and mastheading three midshipmen that same afternoon.

The night before he weighed anchor, this disciplinarian was drinking very late in a low public house. There was not much moon, and the officer in charge of the ship did not see the gig coming until it was nearly alongside; then all was done in a flurry.

"Hy! man the side lanterns there! Jump, you boys! or you'll catch pepper."

The boys did jump, and little Murphy, not knowing the surgeon had ordered the ports to be drooped, bounded over the bulwarks like an antelope, lighted on the midship port, which stood at this angle \, and glanced off into the ocean, lantern foremost: he made his little hole in the water within a yard of Captain Robarts. That Dignity, though splashed, took no notice of so small an incident as a gone ship-boy: and, if Murphy had been wise and staid with Nep. all had been well. But the poor urchin inadvertently came up again, and without the lantern. One of the gig's crew grabbed him by the hair, and prolonged his existence, but without any malicious intention.

"Where is the other lantern?" was Robarts's first word on reaching the deck: as if he didn't know.

"Gone overboard, Sir, with the boy Murphy."

"Stand forward you Sir!" growled Robarts.

Murphy stood forward, dripping and shivering with cold and fear.

"What d'ye mean by going overboard with the ship's lantern?"

"Och your arnr sure some unasy divil drooped the port; and the lantern and me we had no foothold at all at all, and the lantern went into the say, bad luck to ut; and I went afther to try and save ut—for your arnr."

"Belay all that!" said Robarts; "do you think you can blarney me, you young monkey? Here, Bosen's mate, take a ropesend and start him!—Again!—Warm him well!—That's right."

As soon as the poor child's shrieks subsided into sobs, the disciplinarian gave him Explanation, for Ointment.

"I CAN'T HAVE THE COMPANY'S STORES EXPENDED THIS WAY."

"The force of discipline could no farther go" than to flog zeal for falling overboard: so, to avoid anti-climax in that port, Robarts weighed anchor at daybreak; and there was a southwesterly breeze waiting for this favorite of fortune, and carried him past the Azores. Off Ushant it was westerly; and veered to the norwest just before they sighted the land's end: never was such a charming passage from the Cape. The sailor who had the luck to sight Old England first, nailed his starboard shoe to the mainmast for contributions; and all hearts beat joyfully: none more than David Dodd's. His eye devoured the beloved shore: he hugged the treasure his own ill luck had jeopardized, but Robarts had sailed it safe into British waters; and forgave the man his ill manners for his good luck.

Robarts steered in for the Lizard; but, when abreast the point, kept well out again, and opened the channel, and looked out for a pilot.

One was soon seen working out toward him, and the *Agra* brought to; the pilot descended from his lugger into his little boat, rowed alongside, and came on deck; a rough, tanned sailor, clad in flushing; and in build and manner might have passed for Robarts's twin brother.

"Now then, you Sir, what will you take this ship up to the Downs for?"

"Thirty pounds."

Robarts told him roughly he would not get thirty pounds out of *him*.

"Thyse and no higher my Bo," answered the pilot, sturdily: he had been splicing the main brace, and would have answered an admiral.

Robarts swore at him lustily: Pilot discharged a volley in return with admirable promptitude. Robarts retorted, the other rough customer rejoined, and soon all Billingsgate thundered on the *Agra's* quarter-deck. Finding, to his infinite disgust, his visitor as great a blackguard as himself, and not to be outsworn, Robarts ordered him to quit the ship on pain of being man-handled over the side.

"Oh, that is it, is it?" growled the other: "here's fill and be off then." He prudently bottled the rest of his rage till he got safe into his boat: then shook his fist at the *Agra*, and cursed her captain sky high. "You see the fair wind, but you don't see the channel fret a coming, ye greedy gander. Downs! You'll never see them: you have saved your —— money, and lost your —— ship, ye —— lubber."

Robarts hurled back a sugar-plum or two, and then ordered Bayliss to clap on all sail, and keep a midchannel course through the night.

At four bells in the middle watch Sharpe, in charge of the ship, tapped at Robarts's door. "Blowing hard, Sir, and the weather getting thickish."

"Wind fair still?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then call me if it blows any harder," grunted Robarts.

In two hours more, tap, tap, came Bayliss, in charge. "If we don't take sail in, they'll take themselves out."

"Furl to-gallan'sels, and call me if it gets any worse."

In another hour Bayliss was at him again. "Blowing a gale, Sir, and a channel fog on."

"Reef taupsels, and call me if it gets any worse."

At daybreak Dodd was on deck, and found the ship flying through a fog so thick, that her forecastle was invisible from the poop, and even her foremast loomed indistinct and looked distant. "You'll be foul of something or other, Sharpe," said he.

"What is that to you?" inquired a loud rough voice behind him. "I don't allow passengers to handle my ship."

"Then do pray handle her yourself, captain! is this weather to go tearing happy-go-lucky up the British Channel?"

"I mean to sail her without your advice, Sir: and, being a seaman, I shall get all I can out of a fair wind."

"That is right, Captain Robarts; if you had but the Channel all to yourself."

"Perhaps you will leave me my deck all to myself."

"I should be delighted: but my anxiety will not let me." With this Dodd retired a few steps, and kept a keen look-out.

At noon, a lusty voice cried "LAND ON THE WEATHER BEAM!"

All eyes were turned that way, and saw nothing.

Land in sight was reported to Captain Robarts.

Now that worthy was in reality getting secretly anxious: so he ran on deck crying, "Who saw it?"

"Captain Dodd, Sir."

"Ugh! Nobody else?"

Dodd came forward, and, with a respectful air, told him that, being on the look-out, he had seen the coast of the Isle of Wight in a momentary lift of the haze.

"Isle of Fiddlestick!" was the polite reply. "Isle of Wight is eighty miles astern by now."

Dodd answered firmly that he was well acquainted with every outline in the channel, and the land he had seen was St. Catharine's point.

Robarts deigned no reply, but had the log heaved: it showed the vessel to be running twelve knots an hour. He then went to his cabin and consulted his chart; and, having worked his problem, came hastily on deck, and went from rashness to wonderful caution. "Turn the hands out, and heave the ship to!"

The manœuvre was executed gradually and ably, and scarce a bucketful of water shipped. "Furl taupsels and set the main try-sail! There, Mr. Dodd, so much for you and your Isle of Wight. The land you saw was Dungeness, and *you* would have run on into the North Sea, I'll be bound."

When a man, habitually calm, turns anxious, he becomes more irritable: and the mixture of timidity and rashness he saw in Robarts made Dodd very anxious.

He replied angrily: "At all events I should not make a foul wind out of a fair one by heaving to; and if I did, I would heave to on the right tack."

At this sudden facer—one, too, from a patient man—Robarts staggered a moment. He recovered, and, with an oath, ordered Dodd to go below, or he would have him chucked into the hold.

"Come, don't be an ass, Robarts," said Dodd, contemptuously. Then, lowering his voice to a whisper: "don't you know the men only want such an order as that to chuck you into the sea?"

Robarts trembled. "Oh, if you mean to head a mutiny—"

"Heaven forbid, Sir! But I won't leave the deck in dirty weather like this, till the captain knows where he is."

Toward sunset it got clearer, and they drifted past a Revenue cutter, who was lying to with her head to the Northward. She hoisted no end of signals, but they understood none of them; and her captain gesticulated wildly on her deck.

"What is that Fantoccini dancing at?" inquired Robarts, brutally.

"To see a first-class ship drift to leeward in a narrow sea, with a fair wind," said Dodd, bitterly.

At night it blew hard, and the sea ran high and irregular. The ship began to be uneasy; and Robarts very properly ordered the top-gallant and royal yards to be sent down on deck. Dodd would have had them down twelve hours ago. The mate gave the order: no one moved. The mate went forward angry. He came back pale. The men refused to go aloft: they would not risk their lives for Captain Robarts.

The officers all assembled and went forward: they promised and threatened; but all in vain. The crew stood sullen together, as if to back one another, and put forward a spokesman to say that "there was not one of them the captain hadn't started, and stopped his grog a dozen times: he had made the ship hell to them; and now her masts and yards and hull might go there along with her skipper, for them."

Robarts received this tidings in sullen silence. "Don't tell that Dodd, whatever you do," said he. "They will come round now they have had their growl: they are too near home to shy away their pay."

Robarts had not sufficient insight into character to know that Dodd would instantly have sided with him against mutiny.

But at this juncture the ex-captain of the *Agra* was down in the cabin with his fellow-passengers preparing a general remonstrance: he had a chart before him, and a pair of compasses in his hand.

"St. Catharine's point lay about eight miles to windward at noon; and we have been drifting South and East this twelve hours, through lying to on the starboard tack: and besides the ship has been conned as slovenly as she is sailed. I've seen her allowed to break off a dozen times, and gather more leeway: ah, here *is* Captain Robarts: Captain, you saw the rate we passed the revenue cutter. That vessel was nearly stationary; so what we passed her at was our own rate of drifting, and our least rate; putting all this together we can't be many miles from the French coast, and, unless we look sharp and beat to windward, I pronounce the ship in danger."

A horse-laugh greeted this conclusion.

"We are nearer Yarmouth sands than France, I promise you: and nothing under our lee nearer than Rotterdam."

A loud cry from the deck above, "A LIGHT ON THE LEE BOW!"

"There!" cried Robarts, with an oath: "foul of *her* next! through me listening to your nonsense. He ran upon deck, and shouted through his trumpet, "All hands wear ship!"

The crew, who had heard the previous cry, obeyed orders in the presence of an immediate danger: and perhaps their growl had really relieved their ill humor. Robarts with delight saw them come tumbling up, and gave his orders lustily:

"Brail up the trysel! Up with the helm! in with the weather main brace! square the after yards!"

The ship's bow turned from the wind, and, as soon as she got way on her, Robarts ran below again; and entered the cabin triumphant.

"That is all right; and now, Captain Dodd, a word with you: you will either retire at once to your cabin, or will cease to breed disaffection in my crew, and groundless alarm in my passengers, by instilling your own childish, ignorant fears. The ship has been underlogged a hundred miles, and but for my caution in lying to for clear weather we should be groping among the Fern isl—"

CRASH!

An unheard of shock threw the speaker and all the rest in a mass on the floor, smashed every lamp, put out every light: and with a fierce grating noise, the ship was hard and fast on the French coast, with her stern to the sea.

One awful moment of silence; then amidst shrieks of agony, the sea struck her like a rolling rock, solid to crush, liquid to drown: and the comb of a wave smashed the cabin windows and rushed in among them as they floundered on the floor; and wetted and chilled them to the marrow; a voice in the dark cried, "Oh God! we are dead men!"

AFTER THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

THE harvest-moon o'er the battle-plain
Shines dim in the filmy eyes of the dead,
And the yellow wealth of the later grain,
Ground by the millstones of death and pain,
And wet with the life-blood of the slain,
Is kneaded to horrible bread.

The dying by twos and threes, as night
Kisses their brows with cooling breath,
Gather, with failing outward sight,
To tell of the inward visions bright
That rise like a tender morning light
Over the hills of death.

Two who have stood up hand in hand,
Brothers to-day as in years gone by,
When, on the slopes of the Northern land,
Was braided closely each separate strand
Of their lives in a perfect, golden band,
Close to each other lie.

"Tom," says the elder, wiping slow
From his comrade's lips the crimson stain,
"Does the thirst torment you now?" "Oh no!"
Says the other, with broken voice and low,
"My wounds stopped bleeding an hour ago,
And now I am free from pain.

"Don't think of my trouble, Ben, for you
Are wounded far worse I know than I;
I am only a little stiff and blue
With lying out in the evening dew;
But Ben, you are shattered through and through:
Do you think you are going to die?"

"No, Tom, the bleeding is almost done;
I shall live this many and many a day:
And I felt all round to find my gun
As I heard the firing just as the sun
Went down; the rebels I think have run,
The noise was so far away.

"I shall live to fight as never before—
In the battle's front I shall bear my part;
And when it is over, on the floor
I shall play with my boy; and by the door
My wife shall sit, with the fear no more
Of war in her gentle heart."

"Oh, Ben! the days of battle appear
A great way off; I'll forget them soon.
I have been thinking while lying here
It was just a year ago—a year—
That I went a-nutting with Nellie dear,
In the sunny afternoon.

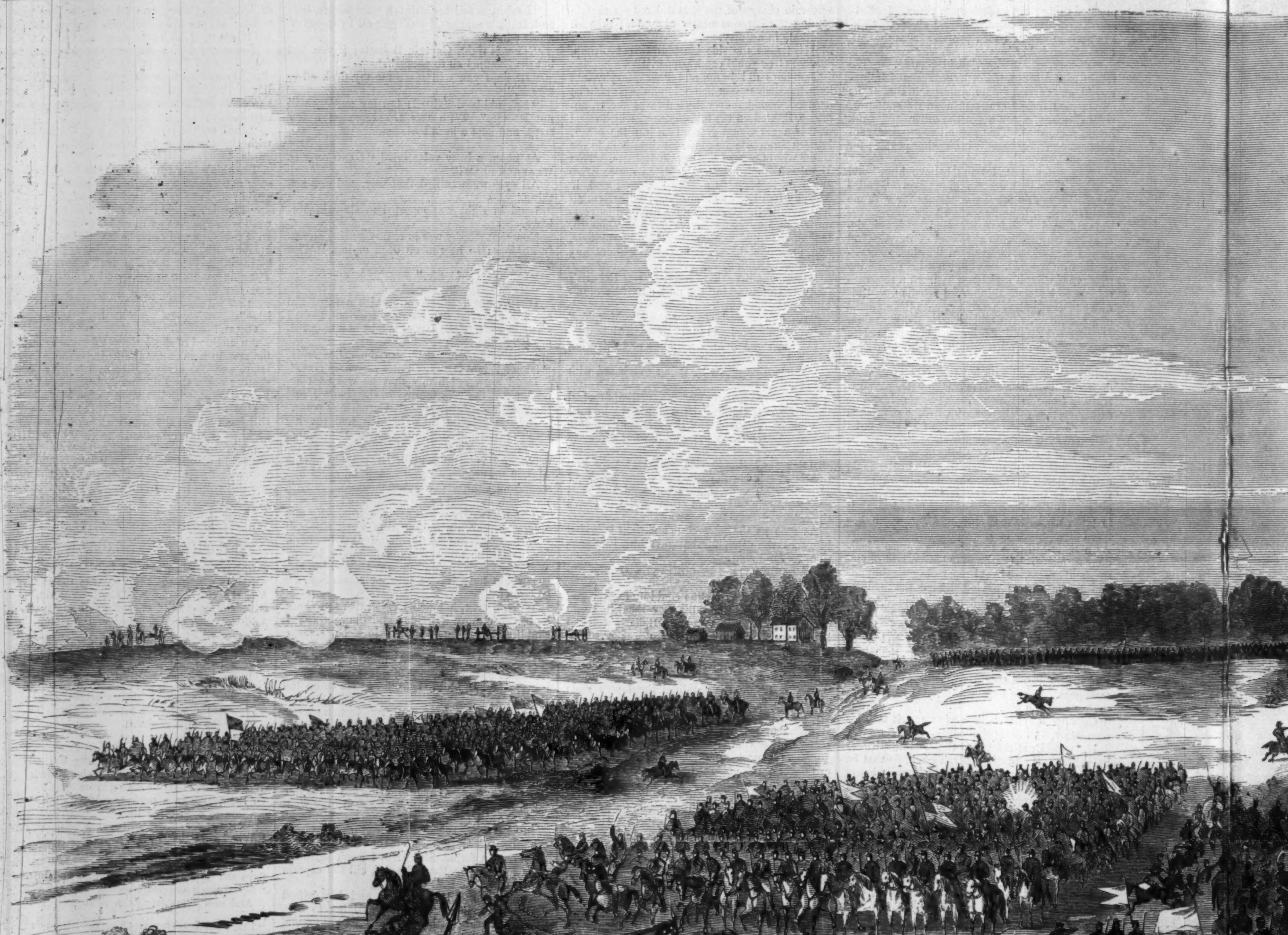
"The hills were as bright as hills could be,
And Nellie, she wore a dress like down,
And under the green old chestnut-tree,
Pelted by dropping nuts, sat she
Looking up with half-scared eyes at me
As I shook out the chestnuts brown.

"I came down safe, and she kissed me then
With a face as glad as the happy sun,
And she gave me a handful of brown nuts, Ben;
They lay so soft in her hand that when
I took them they slid and got back again
Somehow, so I kept but one.

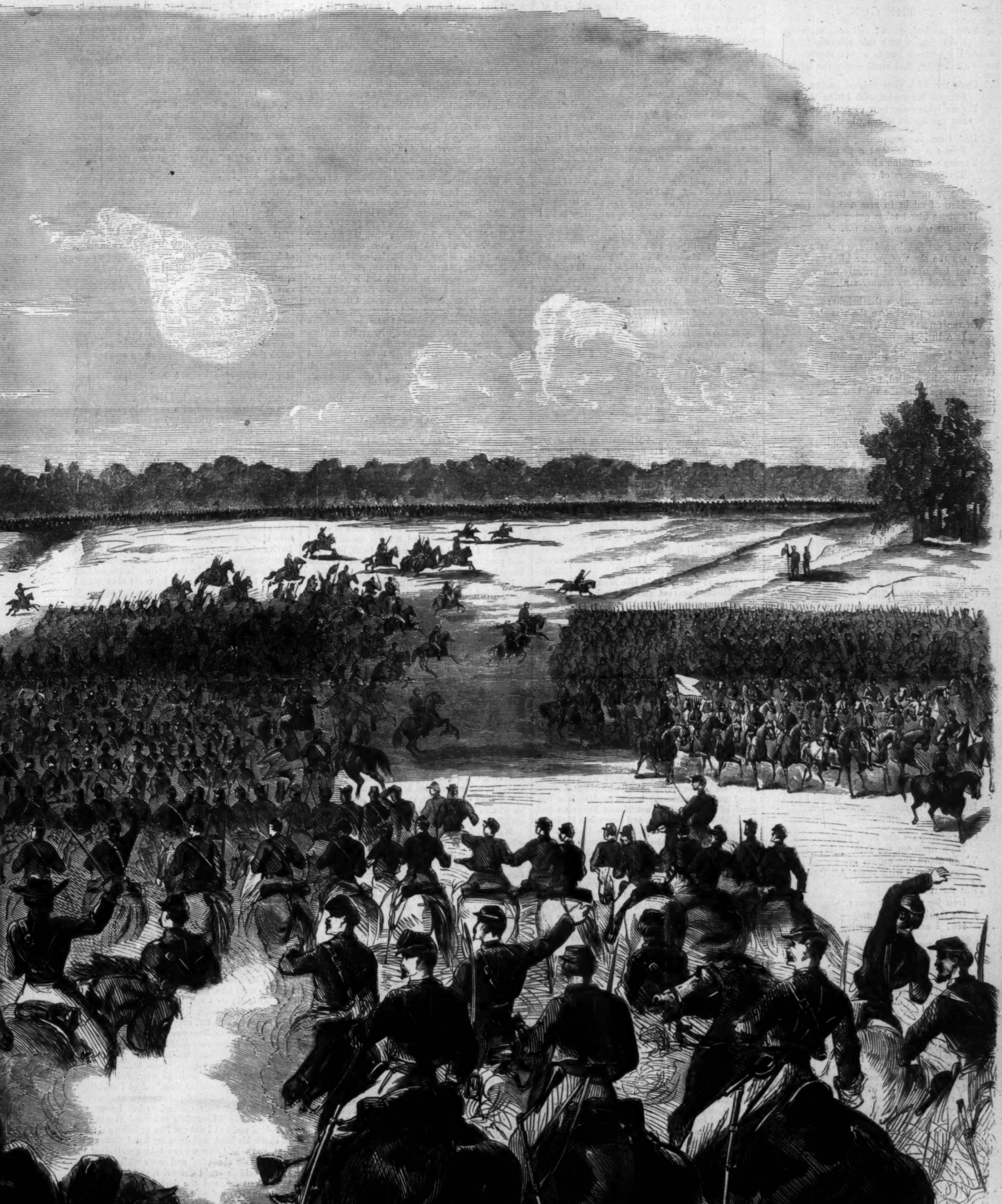
"I have that nut in my knapsack still:
I shall go for more with Nellie soon:
They are ripe by this time up on the hill.
To-morrow, perhaps, I shall go—I am ill
And its cloudy to-night—but to-morrow will
Be fair in the afternoon.

"I am going a-nutting with Nellie, and you
Will sit with your wife and boy at home;
The day is bright as ever I knew,
And the chestnuts have ripened the summer through,
Still as the love in your eyes of blue—
Nellie—dear Nellie, come!"

Night on the battle-plain stained with gore,
Night in the eyes now closed for aye;
But a morning bathes a nightless shore
Where a maiden watches and waits no more,
Nor a wife sits mute by a cottage-door,
With a child that forgets to play.



CHARGE OF GENERAL BUFORD'S CAVALRY UPON THE ENEMY NEAR BEVERLEY F



Y FORD, ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 427.]

THE GUN.

FROM my bed, quick! roll me out,
I am choked with this hot sand;
And my throat swells with a shout,
Gathering, that shall shake the land.

Clear me with your twisted probes,
Smooth me round with biting steel,
Fit me with your iron globes,
Set me up on oaken wheel.

Ho! I am the conquering gun,
Iron son of fire and noise;
Through my frame already run
Thrills obscure of coming joys.

Come ye men from forge and farm—
Men of might in arm and knee;
He whose blood takes quick alarm
Better not companion me.

Wheel me Southward: are those graves
On the slope of yonder hill?
Yes; but o'er them proudly waves
The old starry banner still.

Rest me now upon the height:
What is that before the rim
Of the forest? Look! my sight
Is a little blurred and dim.

Ah! I see—quick with a shell
In my throat—boom—there it goes,
With a long-tailed, fiery yell,
Right among the thickest foes.

Hip! hurrah! they scatter, men;
Now another—to the right—
Hip! they got it square again;
This, I think, will be a fight.

Ugh!—no matter—'twas a shot
Glanced along my iron hide;
And the scratch is rather hot,
But my bones are sound inside.

Swabber, cool me with your sponge—
Why lie there and clutch it tight?
Down my throat his blanket plunge—
He will not need it to-night.

There they come upon the flank,
Now my bore with grape-shot fill.
Quick—another—while their rank
Thinly forms below the hill.

Ah! they like the distance best;
Let me give a parting kick.
See! a dozen stop to rest
Ere they reach the forest thick.

They have had enough of strife;
They think this had better cease;
Every unloosed rebel life
Is a stubborn vote for peace.

Now fling out the victor sound;
What! you can not shout amain?
Are too many voices drowned
In the silence of the slain?

What if I am loud and hoarse
As you count them one by one;
Iron sense is rather coarse—
I am but a callous gun.

Comrades' tears are holy, sweet—
Drop them on the faces pale;
While above the angels greet
Patriot souls with sweet All Hail!

But for me is only joy—
Iron joy at victory won;
I was fashioned to destroy—
Ho! I am the conquering gun.

BLIND.

"MY dear mother, even the Prayer-Book says a woman may not marry her grandfa——."

"Yes, my dear; also that a man may not marry his grandmother. But what has that to do with Mr. Lee?"

"Simply that he is old enough to be my grandfather nearly."

"There is a great difference, certainly; but not quite sufficient for that, Katherine. Mr. Lee is four-and-thirty, and you nearly eighteen."

"My dear mother, I always thought him fifty when I rode his pony years ago."

"Very likely; children's ideas of age are not very correct. They generally think their mother in her dotage at forty. Five years ago he was nine-and-twenty."

"Then such a name, my dear mother. Fancy Michael! It might almost as well be Zedekiah or Nebuchadnezzar at once. I remember your reading a novel with a Nathaniel for a hero; I do not think I could stand Michael for mine; and besides, he is half a widower."

"My dear Katherine, far be it from me to persuade you to marry Mr. Lee, or any one else, only do try and be serious; think quietly about it, and then give me your answer."

Whether it were possible for Katherine to think quietly on any subject whatever just then I don't know; however, her answer was given, and Mrs. Parker told Mr. Lee her daughter could not make up her mind to say any thing but "No." Shortly after Mr. Lee left Oldcourt and went abroad. The only one of the Parker family who bade him farewell was Katherine's little brother Harry, and he announced in the evening:

"I shall be up early to-morrow: I am going up to say good-by to dear Mr. Lee. Will you come, Katie?"

"No, thank you, Harry," Katherine answered, with a look at her mother; "I am not fond of getting up early."

"What a shame! not for once even, and he was so kind to you always. I am so sorry he's going! I hope he won't be long away. I suppose you think yourself too big for his pony now, Katie, as you never ride it. I wonder if I shall be able to have it when he is away."

So early the next morning, a bright one in the middle of February, Harry was off along the lanes and across the fields to Oldcourt. There was a short cut through a wood, which skirted the Pool, to the house. The ground was crisp—just a tinge of white frost—every blade of grass sparkling in the bright sun. There is nothing so beautiful as a white frost, except the spring, when every bud is bursting, and every wood is getting full of wild-flowers, and every bird is singing. They sing altogether, each its own song, yet none is out of tune, even when the rooks join in. How is it, I wonder?

A tall, dark man, with a calm, grave face was looking out on the park and woods at Oldcourt—the park and woods that had been his and his fathers' for generations. He *did* look old for four-and-thirty. Many men look as young at forty. The Lees all turn gray soon—it seems to run in some families—and there were some white hairs already showing among the black. The face looked almost stern, till two little hands seized hold of one of his, then it looked down with a kindly smile on the early visitor.

"Ah, Harry, my boy, I thought I should not see you again!"

"My dear old Michael, did you think I would let you go without saying a regular good-by? What a brute you must think me!"

"No, I do not, but it is early for you. You shall have some breakfast with me, for I had nearly forgotten it."

So they sat down, and Michael Lee told Harry he was to fish with his keeper, George Mitford, whenever he liked, and Frisky he was to consider his own while he was away; and at that up jumped Harry and threw his arms round his neck and kissed him.

"I can't think why you are going away," said the boy. "I know you're sorry. I saw your face as I came in. Why are you going?"

"Why? Every body goes abroad sometimes, Harry. I shall be home again before Christmas, I dare say. What shall I bring you?—the falling Tower of Pisa, or Mont Blanc?"

"No, no; but I should like some red-hot lava from Mount Vesuvius, and a Mount St. Bernard dog: only a puppy, Michael. Are there any puppies, I wonder? you only read of big dogs, but I dare say there are some puppies sometimes; don't you think there must be?"

Michael Lee thought there certainly could not be always big dogs unless there were puppies occasionally.

"Can you bring some red-hot lava in your portmanteau, Michael? I want it the color of that picture in your bedroom of Mount Vesuvius with the blue sky; will you take an empty jam-pot from Mrs. Wilkins and fill it full for me? It will burn your clothes if you have it loose, won't it?"

Michael Lee thought it very probably would; and then he had to explain it would puzzle Michael Scott himself to bring him red-hot lava the color of Mount Vesuvius in the picture with the blue sky. Of course Harry asked who Michael Scott was? and his namesake had to explain how one word of his had cleft, not Mount Vesuvius, but the Eildon Hills in three, and how when his horse stamped his foot the bells in Nôtre Dame rang; and how he had told the *Old Gentleman* to mind his own business and carry him across the sea; and just then the dog-cart came round to the door, and Michael Lee said:

"Here comes, not Diabolus, Harry, but Black Rover, and I must mount and fly, or I shall miss the train. Tell Mrs. Parker I was sorry not to see her to say good-by, and I hope she will come and take any flowers she likes; see, here is a note I had written, and was going to send; you take it for me; don't lose it."

"Oh no, I won't lose it; and, Michael, may Katie ride Frisky?"

"I do not think your sister cares for him now, Harry."

There was a change in the tone of voice; a thing children are very quick in noticing.

"Are you vexed with Katie?" said the boy. "She *was* very fond of Frisky. I can remember, a long, long time ago—I could only have been a little fellow quite, about five or something of that sort, for I had pinafores—when she used to ride Frisky, and she liked it so much! and she used to fish then, and row the boat across the pool. I can't think why she never does any thing jolly now! Can you, Michael?"

Michael swallowed his hot tea without answering; then the boy clung to him to say good-by.

"I'll take you through the park and drop you at the gate, Harry;" and the thought of that brought a smile instead of the salt tears that had begun to come.

"I won't cry, Michael; I shall be nine my next birthday."

(It wanted 345 days to his next birthday!) But when he was dropped at the gate, and he and old Sarah at the lodge had watched the dog-cart disappear, and he saw her shake her head and wipe her eyes, and heard her say, "There goes a good gentleman if ever there was one in this world or the next!" he could not stand it; and, after a good cry, he told Sarah that he was to ride Frisky, and go fishing with George Mitford; but all the fish he caught he should keep for Mr. Lee; he would not let Susan cook one, for he would much rather Mr. Lee had them all! which determination so comforted him that he looked at Sarah's Polish hens, admired their top-knots, and then went on his way home.

Mr. Parker had been Michael Lee's tutor. At his death his wife was left with one daughter of ten and a baby a few months old. Two boys and a girl had gone before him. I may as well say how they died. The fever was bad in the village. John Brown's wife died of it and her two children. William Hodge, the drunken blacksmith, got it next, and *he* died. Then three or four cottages down that narrow lane with the pig-sties, and that pond which was always green and the water always black, *they* got it. Then Mr. Harvey, who came from Manchester, and bought a good deal of land in Leamington, and built a large house, and stables, and green-houses, and hot-houses, and ice-houses, and all that (those cottages down the narrow lane belonged to him), "his" little daughter took it. He never let her go out of his own grounds, and thought there was what he called "no chance" of her getting it; but she did; and there is a little tomb with a white cross on it in the church at Leamington: and the cottages are comfortable now, and the pig-sties at the end of the garden (not up against the one bedroom on the ground-floor), and the pond has been drained, and Mr. Harvey is not what he was when the fever began, and he thanks God for it often, on his knees, though he is lonely, very lonely, never hearing her little feet pattering about now, except in his dreams. Many others had it, and Mrs. Parker was frightened. Four children under eight years old she had of her own, and she wished there were some Sisters of Mercy at Leamington, as there were at some places, who could take the good soup and wine to the poor sick ones, without the terrible fear pulling and gnawing at their hearts all the time that *she* had. That terrible fear! She had it—she could not help it, though her husband said,

"My dear, I change my coat, I wash my hands and face, and then I *trust*."

She tried to *trust* too; but somehow the fear clung to her; and on Sunday night Arthur said:

"Mother, my throat is so sore." He was only three and a half, and she tried to hope he did not know where his throat was, and that he would put his hand to his back, or leg, or any where else, only not to his throat, and she said,

"Where, my darling? where is it sore?" And the child put up his hand and said,

"I mean where my dinner goes down, mother." And then she knew her boy had got the fever; and the next day Mary said,

"Mother, just look what a lump there is under my ear, by my cheek, and it hurts me so when I swallow; I hope I am not going to be ill, like papa said poor little Mary Brown was." And she knew Mary had the fever too.

Next Sunday, after the afternoon service, Arthur was buried. They had an old-fashioned way of ringing the bells at Leamington; they do not every where; but it was an old-fashioned place, and old fashions about Church things are best. They rang the curfew at Leamington always from Advent to Lent, and they tolled the bell, when there was to be a funeral, all day, until the mourners and the coffin could be seen coming near the church; and then they rang a joyful peal for a minute or so—not like a wedding or any other peal; and it always sounded like a welcome—like the angels welcoming one more: one more who had passed through the waves of this troublesome world, and had reached the haven where we all would be. So, sitting by little Mary's bed, wetting her hot lips, the mother heard the joyful peal ring out for Arthur, and she knelt down by Mary, and kissed her hot cheek; and Mary heard the bells too, and she opened her eyes and said,

"Arthur will be with the daisies soon, mother; he was so fond of daisies, and those double red ones."

Mary died that evening—Sunday evening; and when all was over, and the little fair thing lay with the little hands crossed on her breast, the mother turned away to change her dress, and wash her face and hands, and to *trust*—trust to Him who had only taken what He had given. She might go and look at her youngest now; she was no longer needed in the sick-room—it was empty. The little merry laugh as she went along the passage! Baby should be asleep; but babies in summer, in the long days so light, do not always do what they ought to do about going to sleep, and baby was laughing as she reached the door! So strange it sounded to hear a laugh then, even from a baby. Sitting up in his little crib was the two-year-old baby, hugging the kitten which had been beside little Mary, and fondled to the last. By the next Sunday two more were with the daisies beside Arthur, and the eldest, Katherine, the only child left them.

Harry was born a year after, and Mr. Parker died, and then the widow, with her two children, returned to the neighborhood of her old home, where her husband had been curate, and afterward tutor to Mr. Lee. Mr. Lee was one of the first to welcome Mrs. Parker: a sad welcome to the place where her early, happy days had been spent. Michael Lee was then a young man of six-and-twenty. He had had a sincere regard for his tutor, and every little attention in his power he bestowed on Mrs. Parker. There was the quiet old pony for Katherine to ride, his park was open to her and her mother; some of the choicest flowers were always on her table. It was no self-denial; he had plenty of every thing; but he had a way of being kind—he always thought of others—and his way of being kind and thoughtful was never disagreeable; with some people it is. He and Katherine were soon great friends. As she grew older, and the old pony more stupid, a younger one took its place—the "Frisky" of which we have heard—and fishing and boating at Oldcourt were among her greatest pleasures. Then came the news of Mr. Lee's approaching marriage. It was quite true: he told Mrs. Parker of it himself, all joy and happiness; and, two months after, the bells at Oldcourt were tolling for her who was to have been mistress there so soon—tolling for the bride elect.

Katherine was sixteen then, and Mrs. Parker moved to London for a twelvemonth, to give her the advantage of some better masters than Oldcourt afforded. At the end of that time she returned to her favorite cottage, and the pony, fishing, and boating were transferred to Harry, who was delighted with every thing after the confinement of London. A grave, quiet man was Michael Lee now: it was strange a child like Harry should be so devoted to him, yet so it was. Harry was his constant companion through his woods, marking the trees, carrying his fishing basket, perfectly satisfied in his own mind he was of great use and assistance to Mr. Lee, whom he very soon learned to call Michael; and the grave, quiet man grew very fond of the boy, partly on his own account, for all loved Harry, and partly, ere many months were over, for the sake of his sister: and so at last he spoke to Mrs. Parker. Katherine refused him, and he went abroad. Harry begged to write to him, and Michael Lee answered his letters, which contained a great deal of news of various kinds: such as the ewe with the black mark on her leg had three lambs again this year, and one was fed with a tea-pot. There was a blackbird's nest in one of the red rhododendrons. Frisky was in great beauty, but it was very difficult to catch him now, as he would not come for corn when there was so much grass: he found the best way was to blow a cow's-horn trumpet behind a bush, for Frisky came to see what the noise was, thinking the hounds were out, Harry believed, and then he was easily taken. A corn-crake had her legs mown off, sitting on her nest, by Thomas Smith, when they were mowing the mill meadow, and Harry had taken some of the eggs to see if Katie's bantum would hatch them, etc., etc. Then came an account of a bad cold he had caught somehow, he could not tell how; boys never can; but he had not been allowed to go out fishing for some time, nor in the boat with George Mitfort. George had had a bad finger, but it was better, and he had a new baby, and Venus had puppies. It (the baby) was christened last Sunday; it was a boy, which was much better than a girl, as it might be a keeper too some day. They were all beauties, especially one with a black nose; and had he been to Mount St. Bernard yet?

Harry's next letter was finished by Mrs. Parker, and she told Mr. Lee the cold had become a cough, and that Dr. Watson thought it would be more prudent for him to winter at the sea-side. They were going to Beaumaris the end of September; and when Michael Lee received this letter he felt sure Harry was worse than his mother thought. During that winter at Beaumaris Harry had several letters from Mr. Lee. He thought his handwriting was changed, or that he was writing larger for him because he was a child; but he could always read Michael's writing, he said, and was rather affronted. Then he did not hear for a long time, and at last he received a few lines, telling him he had been ill, and that Harry must not think he had forgotten him if he did not hear, for the doctor forbade his writing; it hurt his eyes.

And then came several months, and Harry never heard, and he wanted to know so much how Michael was. His cough had never left him, and they were still at Beaumaris. He used to sit on the beach for hours, or go in a boat when it was fine; sometimes row up past the Menai Bridge to the little fishing island, and land there to see all the sea wonders that are to be found on it; the sea anemones in countless numbers, of every color, hanging on the rough walls under the long masses of sea-weed; the scarlet star-fish; the great purple one, and fish, especially the little white-bait, looking like a sheet of silver, as they glided along at low-water in the weir. Sometimes they went in the other direction toward Puffin Island, but only on warm, dry days. Mrs. Parker's sweet face looked very anxious now, and Katherine was more gentle and loving to her little brother far than formerly.

One day, in the middle of September, Harry came sooner from the beach than usual, through the little garden, into the house, and hiding his face on his mother's knee, he sobbed out, "I've seen Michael, and he's quite blind."

By degrees he told his tale.

"I was on the beach, mother; I was at that shell-stall; I wanted a Venus's ear, when all of a sudden I saw Michael come out of the hotel. I was sure it was he, and Simpson—you remember Mr. Simpson the butler—with him; and Simpson helped him down the steps, and I could not believe it was Michael hardly, but I left the shells and went to meet him, and when I got nearer I saw it *was* Michael; so I ran up to him, and his eyes were open; but when I had got hold of his hand he did not look at me, only said, 'Oh, Harry, my boy, how are you—are you better?' And I said, 'My cough is not very bobbish; but oh, Michael, what is Simpson doing walking with you?' And then he smiled very quietly, and held my hands, and said, 'Simpson shall go now, and you will take care of a poor blind man.' And I said, 'Oh, Michael, you're not blind; your eyes are quite open, and you must wear spectacles; but I hope you won't look like old Matthew at home.' It was very foolish of me, but I did not like to believe it; and he shook his head, and drew my hand through his arm, and said, 'Now we can take a walk near the sea, and talk about it;' and so we walked a little, and he said he could not write, and he wanted to hear about me, and the doctor said the sea-side would do him good, and so he came here last night. He is at the hotel, the Bulkeley Arms, and he thought I was sure to come on the beach and would see him, and I saw him as he was coming down the steps, so I was not long about that. But he is blind, quite blind, mother, and I am to lead him about: he says he likes to have me better than Simpson, mother. I wanted him to come here now with me, but he did not like to come until I had told you, he said."

Katherine was sitting by the window. She was looking at the hills on the opposite shore, with all the lights and shadows flitting over them. How beautiful they are! She did not see them; and the sands stretching out so far, looking as if you might walk across into Carnarvonshire; and the green sparkling water so smooth and still. She saw nothing of all this now. She did not say a word while Harry was speaking, but she did something else, very quietly, and thought no one saw her—she was mistaken.

Mr. Lee came with Harry in the afternoon; he was quieter and graver than before, and Harry was always with him whenever it was warm enough for him to be out of doors; and Michael Lee would come and sit with him when the weather prevented the boy leaving the house. Simpson brought him to the garden gate, and then he was able to walk up the little garden by himself. Sometimes Mrs. Parker walked with him, and a few times Katherine had helped him, but her hand always trembled as it rested on his arm, and he would try and grope about by himself rather than ask her; and then Harry called her stupid for not offering.

It was the 25th of October, a very wild day. Harry was not so well, lying on the couch, looking out of the window, watching the thick muddy waves rolling in angrily one after the other. The ferry-boat was not crossing, it was so very rough. Something was coming, the boatmen said, as they smoked their pipes and looked out to sea. It was worse by the evening. How the wind howled! And the tide was in, every now and then dashing over the sea-wall into the road. Harry lay watching the angry waves. He had never seen the Straits so rough before. Michael could not see it, but he heard the roaring of the waters, and he hummed the line—

And the night-rack came rolling up, ragged and brown.

"It will be a terrible night, Harry, I fear," he said.

"It will indeed, Michael. I was thinking you would scarcely get back to the hotel."

Ay, a terrible night it was; one to be much remembered in Anglesea. As they spoke the big iron ship was rolling about in the thick fog, hoping for a pilot, hoping to reach Liverpool that night; and before Michael Lee reached the Bulkeley Arms the big iron ship was thumping against the iron coast only a few miles away. The iron coast was the harder. The great masts tottered and fell, shivered so that Katherine's little fingers broke off pieces from them afterward. And when all was over—when the big iron ship was broken to pieces—when "the storm had ceased, and the waves thereof were still," some bottles of Champagne and pickles were found unbroken amidst the rocks, which were covered with big iron bolts wrenched out of the big iron ship that night of agony! Scarcely credible if read in a novel—and yet it is true. Verily "truth is strange sometimes, stranger than fiction!"

So these two sat watching and listening to the storm that evening, and at last Harry said:

"Michael, I have been thinking of such a good plan."

And Michael said, "Have you, my boy? What about?"

And Harry said, "About you, Michael. I know you don't like having Simpson with you always; and, you see, I'm not strong enough to read a great deal, or go out when it's not fine. They think I'm made of sugar, or salt, or something, and that I shall melt; and I've been thinking if you had a wife it would be much better. I thought Katie would do so nicely, and then, when you go back to Oldcourt, she or I would always be with you. If mother wanted her you could fall back on me. And she reads ever so long without getting tired, and writes so fast too. Do you think it a good plan, Michael?"

"My dear Harry," the quiet voice said, and then stopped.

"Oh, what a monster! It's bigger than any yet. There, it's broke over the pier, I declare; such a wave, Michael, you never saw. Well, but what do you think about Katie?"

"I think, Harry, for once you have forgotten I am blind," Michael Lee answered.

"No, I have not, Michael; that's the very thing made me think you ought to have a wife. If you weren't there's no reason for it. You could fish, and shoot, and ride, and read, and write, and do every thing yourself, and she might be in the way and want you for something just when you had got your gun, perhaps. I think you'd find her so useful now, that's what put it into my head."

"Harry, I thought of it a long time ago, when I was not blind, and she would not be my wife even then. I am glad of it now, Harry, for her sake." But the deep low voice had no gladness in it.

Up started the boy from the couch.

"Oh, Michael, you don't really mean you ever asked Katie to be your wife before?"

"Yes, Harry, I do mean even that."

"And Katie said she would not like to be, Michael?"

"Yes, Harry."

"What a shame! Oh, Michael, it makes me almost wish I'd been a girl myself. I'm sure *I* should have liked it very much." He threw himself back on the couch and coughed. Michael could not see how his color went and came. So neither of them spoke. And when he had done coughing he rested a little; then he said: "I might have been strong enough for a girl, perhaps; there's not much in them ever, though Katie's much stronger than I am. She's a great deal older, that's one thing. I wonder if I shall ever be as old as Katie; she's nearly out of her teens now. Do you know, Michael, sometimes I think I never shall. You can't see me now, or you would know how thin I have grown—a regular scarecrow. I'm a great deal taller, but my hands are so thin, my fingers look so long, and they're so white compared to other boys' I see on the beach. Some of the boys from the grammar-school I often watch playing cricket by the castle, and such nice brown hands they've got, I'm quite ashamed of mine. It's not manly to have such white hands. Do you think I ever shall be a man, Michael?"

Michael felt for the boy's hand, and stroked it in his own. He knew it was very thin and soft, though he could not see how white it was. He stroked it a few moments, and then he said:

"Harry, my boy, if you never are, remember there is a better Land than this, where you will be strong, and I shall see again. We must both think of that, Harry, and be patient. It is hard work often, is it not?"

"Very; and sometimes I'm so cross when I can't sleep, Michael. I know what you mean. You think I shall never get any better; you mean my cough will go on getting worse, and I shall get thinner and thinner, and weaker and weaker, and then I shall die. I hope I shall go to heaven, Michael. I don't think I have done any thing *very* wicked; you know I've not been at school much among other boys, so it's not been so difficult. I remember, though, I helped to drown some puppies once. I could not help watching Thomas do it, and then I remember I held one under the water, when I saw it put up its poor little head. I can't think what made me, and afterward I remember poor old Flo came and smelled my hands and licked them, and I felt so sorry then. Well, Michael, I'll try and be patient, and not be cross any more, and if I die when I'm a boy, you'll be sure to know me when *you* come, Michael; and if I were to live to be a man, you might not, you know, Michael; I should have changed so, and it's eighteen months now since you saw me, Michael. But I want to ask you about Katie again. Did she mean she did not like you?"

"Not like me well enough, Harry, she meant."

"'Pon my word, Michael, then I think she's changed her mind, and I'll tell you why. When I came back the first day I met you and told her and mother you were blind, she never spoke, certainly, but she cried; I saw her, and often I see her eyes full of tears after you've been here."

"Yes; she is sorry for me, Harry, that is all."

"I don't think it *is* all, Michael. Mother's *very* sorry for you, but *she* doesn't cry. Here come three more schooners going to anchor round the Point: there's a regular fleet of them."

The door opened; how the wind howled! It was Katherine, bringing Harry's medicine. She put it down on the little table by him, and smoothed his hair and kissed his forehead. "Such a storm, Harry, coming on!" Harry pulled her down close to him, and whispered something. Michael could not hear all; but his own name he heard several times. Then Katherine stood upright, and said:

"Hush, Harry; will you take your medicine?" And Michael heard her voice tremble.

"No, I won't take it, Katie, till you answer my question; and my cough's been very bad this evening, so I ought to have it at once. Michael says, you said you'd rather not be his wife, and I want to know if you'd rather not now, or if you've changed your mind about it."

"Harry, no more of this, or I shall go back to Oldcourt," said the quiet, calm voice, not quiet or calm now.

"He is too young to know all he is saying; forgive him," he added.

"Oh, Michael, don't be angry with me; but indeed she's quite crimson, and the tears in her eyes; and if you would only just ask her yourself, you would see. Dear Michael, you know I shall never live to be a man; and after I've got thinner and thinner, and weaker and weaker, you'll have no one to take any care of you, and I feel so sure Katie would like it now, though she didn't then."

"Harry, I told you your sister was very sorry for me, nothing more."

"Sorry! she was very sorry when the cat died. I don't mean that. I can see her face, and you can't. How stupid you are, Michael! Oh, Katie, you know he doesn't like asking you now he's blind; and, if I were you, I would just put my arms round his neck, and tell him I should like it *so* much, without his asking me."

"No, Harry, you could not, if you were me," said Katherine, and her voice was more than trembling now, it was sobbing.

She was a prisoner; Harry had tight hold of her hand; and when he talked of growing weaker and weaker, and thinner and thinner, she had knelt beside him, between his couch and Michael Lee; and the blind man knew by her voice she was kneeling down, and he stretched out his hand, and it rested on her small head and bright glossy hair. Katherine was not pretty; but she was tall and slight, with a small head set on her throat like a queen, and quantities of bright glossy hair twisted round and round. He, Michael Lee, put his hand on it, and said: "Katherine," and that was all: and she did not answer at first, only he felt her turn from Harry's couch more toward him, and then she said, softly:

"Can't you see me the least bit, Michael?"

And he said, "No, Katherine; I would give all I have in the world to look in your face now, darling."

And then Harry said: "I'll tell you, Michael, what she looks like, and don't give Oldcourt and Frisky and all away for nothing but that. She's not so red as she was, but she's crying. Oh, now she's hid her face, and I can't tell you what she's like."

She had hidden her face, but it was hidden on Michael Lee's other hand, and he felt her hot tears on it, and he said:

"Katherine, if you stay one moment longer I shall believe what Harry told me."

She did not move. He stroked the bright, glossy hair, and then passed his arm round her and drew her closer to him, and said something in such a whisper that Harry could not hear: and Harry rubbed his hands and said:

"Hurrah! I suppose I'd better take my medicine now, for I believe Katie's quite forgotten it."

So she rose and gave it him with one hand, for Michael had the other; and Harry drank it, made a face, and said:

"I sha'n't be satisfied till you have put your arms round his neck and told him you are very sorry for ever having said you would not like it; it was such a shame!"

So she knelt down again, and did put her arms round his neck (not Harry's), and said something, too, which Harry could not hear; and Michael Lee stretched out one arm to Harry, and with the other gathered her up quite close to him, and said:

"I pray God you may never repent, my Katherine. And Harry, my boy, you can see her face, and I can not, as you said just now; and if ever you see her cry, or look unhappy, I trust to you to tell me and help me to find it out. Darling, if ever woman was loved, you are, my Katherine; for now, with this black sheet before me, which makes even your dear face as dark as night, I would not give you up, even to see the blessed light of heaven and the green earth again. I would rather be blind with you than see without you, Katherine."

She did not answer, but she lifted up her face to his and kissed it; and Harry brought his white, thin face and rested it on Michael's shoulder, and said:

"Michael, I wish I could make my eyes over to you. There's the fishing at Oldcourt, splendid fishing, and you'll never be able to fish without them. I would if I could, Michael, for all my happiest days you've given me. And as to Katie, I hope you'll like her much better than Simpson; and if she isn't happy it's her own fault, that's certain. Fancy not being happy at Oldcourt! And I dare say you'll give her a bigger pony; she can't have a *better* than Frisky, but she's too tall for him, and you'll always let him run in the park, won't you, Michael, when he gets old? Never sell him for a donkey cart. It would break his heart, I know it would, Michael. He'd pull it; he'd pull any thing; but I'm certain it would break his heart."

And Michael Lee promised Frisky should always be cared for as if he were the best hunter in the land; and the little white face looked up lovingly into the poor blind eyes, and then went on to say:

"I think it was so very *rum* of Katie ever thinking she would not like it. Don't you, Michael?"

And they both laughed and kissed him, and then the boy said he must go and tell his mother, for it was all his doing, every bit. And that evening, after tea, they all sat by Harry's couch, all the time the big iron ship was break, break, breaking, on those cold gray stones, just across the island.

THE CAVALRY FIGHT NEAR CULPEPPER.

OUR special artist, Mr. A. R. Waud, sends us a sketch which we reproduce on pages 424 and 425, representing General Buford's cavalry charge upon Stuart's rebel forces near Culpepper. Mr. Waud writes:

"CHARGE OF A PORTION OF BUFORD'S COMMAND.

"This charge had to be made across a meadow intersected by four ditches, in jumping which some horses fell, their riders getting trampled under foot. At the other side of this field the ground rose to the woods, which also extended along the right flank. On the left of the road, upon the ridge, was a house used as Stuart's head-quarters, afterward captured—to its left a battery which shelled our men till they closed upon the rebs, the case and canister killing more of their men than ours.

"On the right of the road three battalions were drawn up in column of companies, supported by a brigade in line of battle, and on the left a regiment was posted. Against them General Buford sent two regiments. These had to come out of the woods and form under fire from the batteries. The Sixth Pennsylvania, formerly Lancers, led the charge, which was directed against the centre battalion. The Sixth fell upon these with great gallantry, and, regardless of the chances of flank attack from the other battalions, drove them, fighting hand to hand, through the brigade in reserve, and then wheeling about, passed round the battalion on the right, and resumed position for another charge. The regiment on the left advanced as ours charged to take us in flank, but had not the courage to come hand to hand with them."

Another picture, which we give on page 428, also from a sketch by Mr. Waud, shows us the ARMY BEEF SWIMMING THE OCCOQUAN RIVER or Creek, on their way to Manassas, on the recent rapid march of General Hooker to his present encampment. The pretty little village of Occoquan is prominent in the picture.

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

ON page 420 we reproduce a picture drawn by our special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis, and representing

THE REBEL WORKS ASSAULTED BY THE BRIGADES OF GENERAL RANSOM AND COLONEL SMITH.

Mr. Davis writes:

"HEAD-QUARTERS OF MAJOR-GENERAL M'PHERSON, *June* 2, 1863.

"The sketch shows the position of the rebels, so gallantly assaulted by the brigades of General Ransom and Colonel Giles Smith.

"The charge of the battalion of the 13th Regulars, who were in the command of Colonel Smith, is said to have been never surpassed in its desperate gallantry; Captain Washington, the commanding officer, was killed, and but two or three officers escaped unwounded, five color-bearers were shot, one after the other, two of them being officers, Captains Ewing and Yorke. The colors were being placed at the foot of the parapet by Captain Ewing as he was shot.

"I never have seen colors so torn as were these after this desperate charge; in one of the flags eighty shot-holes were to be counted.

"The colors of General Ransom's Brigade were placed by that gallant officer's own hand at the foot of the opposite angle of the work; in his single brigade the loss was over four hundred killed and wounded. To this brigade is also accorded every credit for desperate valor.

"To the extreme left of the picture is seen Fort Hill, one of the strongest of the rebel works. The name of the fort in the centre of the sketch I have not been able to ascertain. The approach of General Sherman is within a short distance (seventy-five yards) of the rebel work.

"To the right of the sketch are the batteries Whitehouse, Hart, and others, under the command of Major Taylor, Chief of Artillery of General Sherman's Corps.

"The brigade of General Ransom is composed of Eleventh Illinois, Colonel Nevis, killed; Seventy-second Illinois, Colonel Staring, wounded; Ninety-fifth Illinois, Colonel Humphrey, severely wounded; Seventeenth Wisconsin, Lieutenant-Colonel M'Mahon; Fourteenth Wisconsin, Colonel Ward. The colors of each of these regiments were at the foot of the parapet, those of the Fourteenth Wisconsin being placed there by General Ransom."

On pages 420 and 421 we illustrate two of our siege batteries, which are thus described by Mr. Davis:

"HEAD-QUARTERS OF MAJOR-GENERAL M'PHERSON, *June* 8, 1863.

"BATTERY POWELL.

"From this work the rebel Fort Hill and our work for its capture are in good view.

"The nearness of this work to the line of rebel sharp-shooters has rendered the protection of the gunners in every way necessary. While engaged in examining the view, which is interesting, one is prone to be a little more eager to see than to beware of the sharp-eyed 'reb.' At such times the zip-zip of a shot has its effect.

"Some of the rifle-shot that are found after passing through the embrasures are hollow; some burst. As yet, these diminutive shells have done no damage. Still in advance of this work Captain Powell and General Ransom are building a work. All these works are exceedingly creditable to their builders.

"BATTERY HICKENLOOPER.

"This work, constructed by Major Andrew Hickenlooper, of General M'Pherson's staff, is the most thoroughly complete as an approach, offensive and defensive, of any such attempt as yet planned around Vicksburg. Its nearness to the rebel works can be realized by an examination of the cut. From this position the opposing forces are within talking-voice distance of each other. It is not unusual to hear some of our men request an Alabama or Carolina friend to raise his head 'just a leetle higher' above the rebel works, in order to have a fair shot. Frequently a hat is raised by a ramrod above our works, to draw the fire of the enemy, while sharp-shooters at another angle are noting and drawing a fine sight on the rebel marksmen."

THE FIGHT AT MILLIKEN'S BEND.

Mr. Davis also sends us a sketch of the sharp fight at Milliken's Bend, where a small body of negro troops with a few whites were attacked by a larger force of rebels. A letter from Vicksburg says:

TWENTY-SECOND DAY IN REAR OF VICKSBURG, *June* 9, 1863.

Two gentlemen from the Yazoo have given me the following particulars of the fight at Milliken's Bend, in which negro troops played so conspicuous a part.

My informant states that a force of about 1000 negroes and 200 men of the Twenty-third Iowa, belonging to the Second Brigade, Carr's Division (the Twenty-third Iowa had been up the river with prisoners, and was on its way back to this place), was surprised in camp by a rebel force of about 2000 men. The first intimation that the commanding officer received was from one of the black men, who went into the colonel's tent, and said: "Massa, the secesh are in camp." The colonel ordered him to have the men load their guns at once. He instantly replied: "We have done did dat now, massa." Before the colonel was ready the men were in line, ready for action. As before stated, the rebels drove our force toward the gunboats, taking colored men prisoners and murdering them. This so enraged them that they rallied and charged the enemy more heroically and desperately than has been recorded during the war. It was a genuine bayonet charge, a hand-to-hand fight, that has never occurred to any extent during this prolonged conflict. Upon both sides men were killed with the butts of muskets. White and black men were lying side by side, pierced by bayonets, and in some instances transfixed to the earth. In one instance, two men—one white and the other black—were found dead, side by side, each having the other's bayonet through his body. If facts prove to be what they are now represented, this engagement of Sunday morning will be recorded as the most desperate of this war. Broken limbs, broken heads, the mangling of bodies, all prove that it was a contest between enraged men; on the one side from hatred to a race, and on the other, desire for self-preservation, revenge for past grievances, and the inhuman murder of their comrades. One brave man took his former master prisoner, and brought him into camp with great gusto. A rebel prisoner made a particular request that *his* own negroes should not be placed over him as a guard. Dame Fortune *is* capricious! His request was *not* granted.

The rebels lost five cannon, 200 men killed, 400 to 500 wounded, and about 200 prisoners. Our loss is reported to be 100 killed and 500 wounded; but few of this number were white men.

A RAID AMONG THE RICE PLANTATIONS.

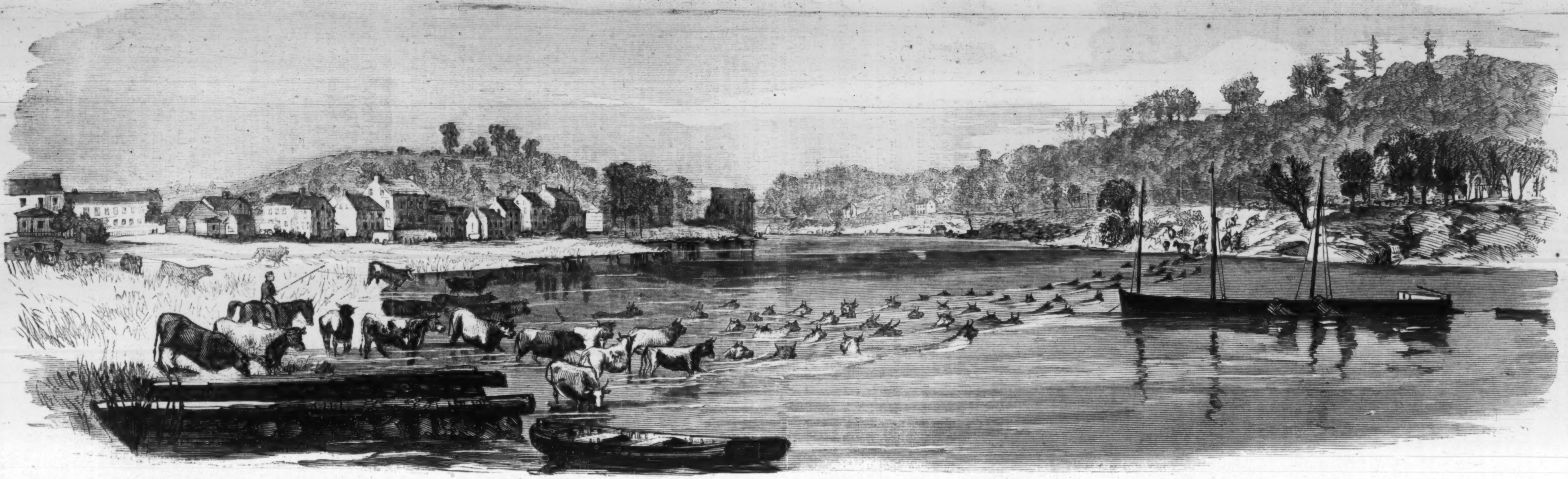
ON page 429 we illustrate the recent raid of Colonel Montgomery's Second South Carolina Volunteers (colored) among the Rice Plantations of South Carolina. The author of the sketch which we reproduce, Surgeon Robinson, writes as follows:

"ST. SIMON'S ISLAND, GEORGIA, *June* 8, 1863.

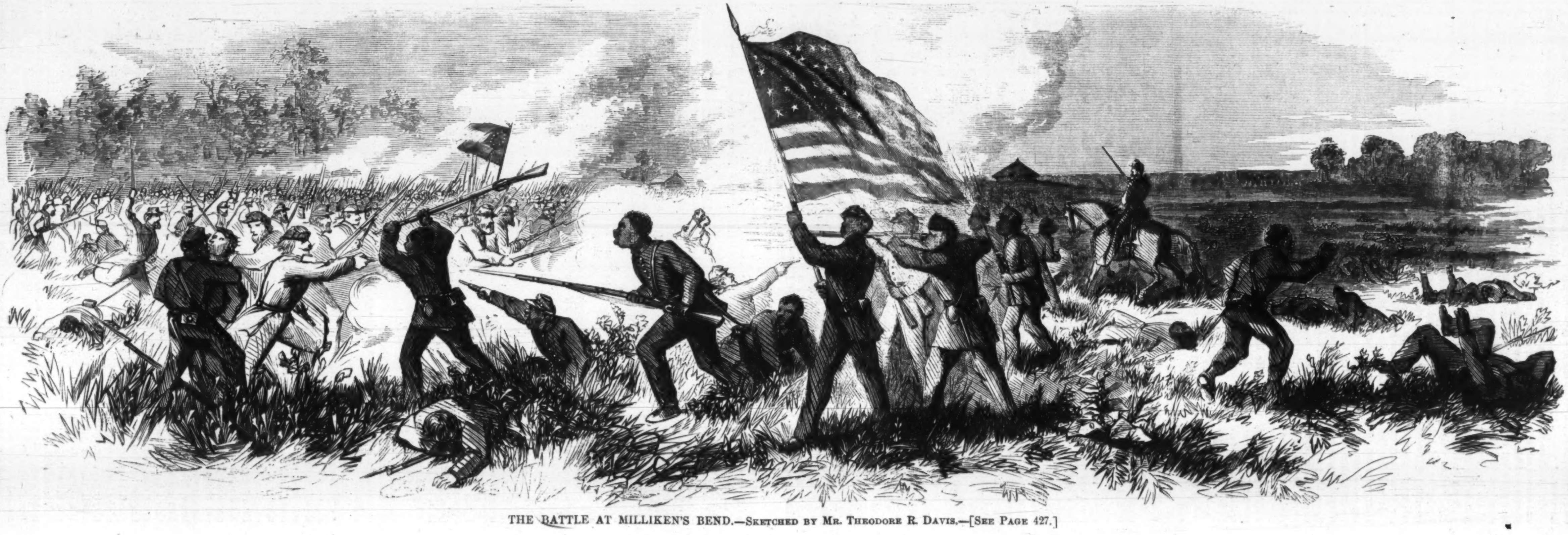
"I inclose you a sketch of the operations of Colonel James Montgomery (formerly of Kansas), of the Second South Carolina Volunteers (colored), in the interior of South Carolina, among the rice plantations on the Combahee.

"We destroyed a vast amount of rice, corn, and cotton, stored in the barns and rice-mills, with many valuable steam-engines. We broke the sluice-gates and flooded the fields so that the present crop, which was growing beautifully, will be a total loss. We carried out the President's proclamation too, and brought away about 800 contrabands, 150 of whom are now serving their country in the regiment which liberated them. The rest were old men, women, and children. The rebel loss from our visit must amount to several millions of dollars. We are now about commencing operations on the Georgia coast.

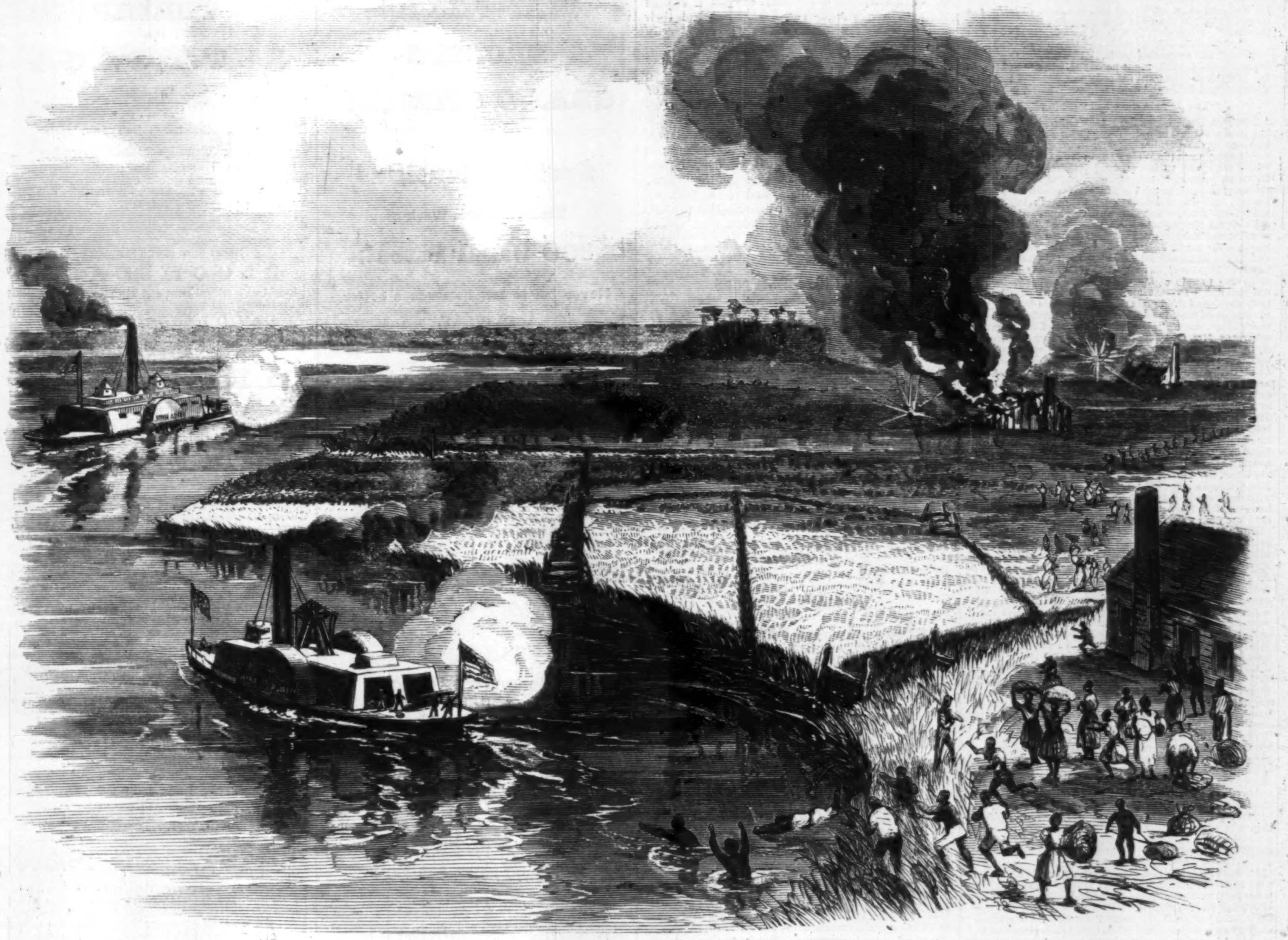
"We skirmished all day with the rebels, but escaped without the loss of a man. Their cavalry killed and wounded some of the slaves as they swarmed to the protection of the old flag."



ARMY BEEF SWIMMING THE OCCOQUAN RIVER, VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 427.]



THE BATTLE AT MILLIKEN'S BEND.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 427.]



RAID OF SECOND SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS (COL. MONTGOMERY) AMONG THE RICE PLANTATIONS ON THE COMBAHEE, S. C.—[SEE PAGE 427.]

A TYPICAL NEGRO.

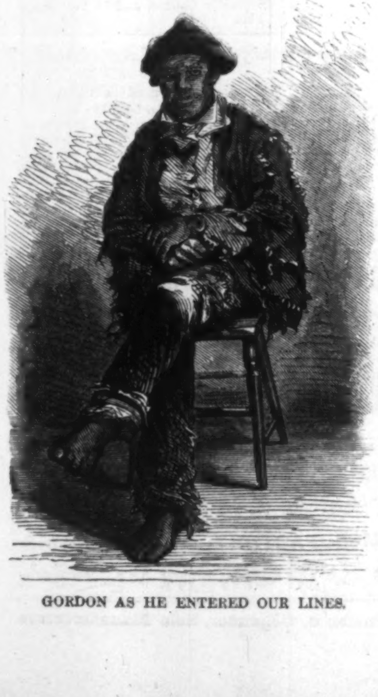
WE publish herewith three portraits, from photographs by M'Pherson and Oliver, of the negro **GORDON**, who escaped from his master in Mississippi, and came into our lines at Baton Rouge in March last. One of these portraits represents the man as he entered our lines, with clothes torn and covered with mud and dirt from his long race through the swamps and bayous, chased as he had been for days and nights by his master with several neighbors and a pack of blood-hounds; another shows him as he underwent the surgical examination previous to being mustered into the service—his back furrowed and scarred with the traces of a whipping administered on Christmas-day last; and the third represents him in United States uniform, bearing the musket and prepared for duty.

This negro displayed unusual intelligence and energy. In order to foil the scent of the blood-hounds who were chasing him he took from his plantation onions, which he carried in his pockets. After crossing each creek or swamp he rubbed his body freely with these onions, and thus, no doubt, frequently threw the dogs off the scent.

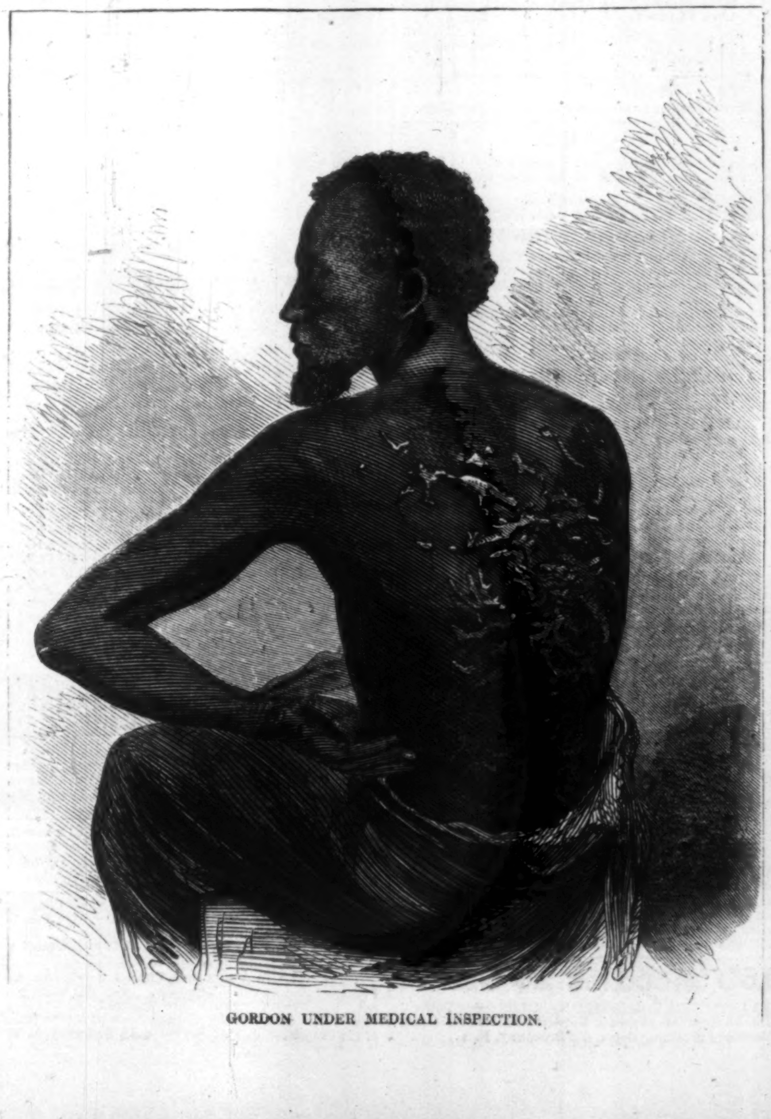
At one time in Louisiana he served our troops as guide, and on one expedition was unfortunately taken prisoner by the rebels, who, infuriated beyond measure, tied him up and beat him, leaving him for dead. He came to life, however, and once more made his escape to our lines.

By way of illustrating the degree of brutality which slavery has developed among the whites in the section of country from which this negro came, we append the following extract from a letter in the New York *Times*, recounting what was told by the refugees from Mrs. GILLESPIE'S estate on the Black River:

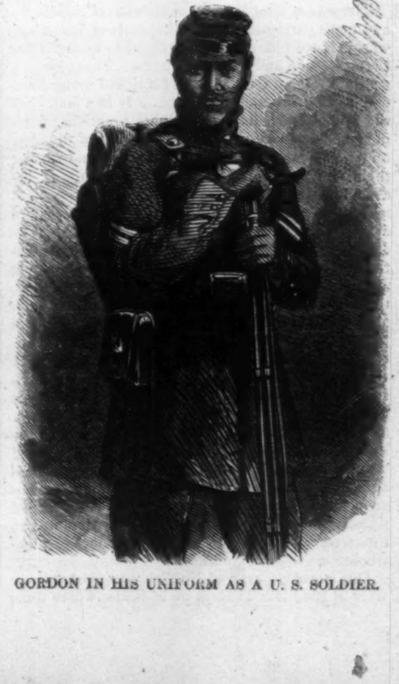
> The treatment of the slaves, they say, has been growing worse and worse for the last six or seven years.
>
> Flogging with a leather strap on the naked body is common; also, paddling the body with a hand-saw until the skin is a mass of blisters, and then breaking the blisters with the teeth of the saw. They have "very often" seen slaves stretched out upon the ground with hands and feet held down by fellow-slaves, or lashed to stakes driven into the ground for "*burning.*" Handfuls of dry corn-husks are then lighted, and the burning embers are whipped off with a stick so as to fall in showers of live sparks upon the naked back. This is continued until the victim is covered with blisters. If in his writhings of torture the slave gets his hands free to brush off the fire, the burning brand is applied to them.
>
> Another method of punishment, which is inflicted for the higher order of crimes, such as running away, or other refractory conduct, is to dig a hole in the ground large enough for the slave to squat or lie down in. The victim is then stripped naked and placed in the hole, and a covering or grating of green sticks is laid over the opening. Upon this a quick fire is built, and the live embers sifted through upon the naked flesh of the slave, until his body is blistered and swollen almost to bursting. With just enough of life to enable him to crawl, the slave is then allowed to recover from his wounds if he can, or to end his sufferings by death.
>
> "Charley Sloo" and "Overton," two hands, were both murdered by these cruel tortures. "Sloo" was whipped to death, dying under the infliction, or soon after punishment. "Overton" was laid naked upon his face and burned as above described, so that the cords of his legs and the



GORDON AS HE ENTERED OUR LINES.



GORDON UNDER MEDICAL INSPECTION.



GORDON IN HIS UNIFORM AS A U. S. SOLDIER.

muscles of the back refused longer to perform their office. He was, nevertheless, forced into the field to labor, but being crippled, was unable to move quick enough to suit "Jeems;" so one day, in a fit of passion, he struck him on the head with a heavy stick and killed him.

"Tom" had the consumption, but was forced to work in the cotton-field. One night he was missing from his cabin. Two days afterward his body was found in the field, where he had fallen and died on his way home.

"The poor old slave had gone to rest."

Edmund, belonging on the Widow Gillespie's plantation, has been a witness of or knowing to several cases of punishment by the burning process. Two of these were of girls belonging to the Widow G., in New Orleans, and the others occurring on her "island plantation," before referred to. America, wife of Essex, one of the women in the party, related to me the particulars of one case, as follows: There was a middle-aged woman in the family, named Margaret, who had a nursing child. Mrs. Gillespie ordered Margaret to wean the child. The babe was weakly, and Margaret did not wish to do so. Mrs. G. told her that she would examine her breast the next Monday, and, if she found any milk in it, she would punish her severely. Monday came round, and on that day Margaret's stent was to spin eighteen "broaches"—spools—but she did not finish it. At night the promised examination took place, and the breast of Margaret gave but too convincing proof that, in obedience to the yearnings of a mother's heart, she had spurned the threat of the inhuman mistress. Mrs. G. then ordered the handsaw, the leather strap, and a wash-bowl of water. The woman was laid upon her face, her clothes stripped up to around her neck, and "Becky" and "Jane" were called to hold her hands and feet. Mrs. Gillespie then paddled her with the handsaw, sitting composedly in a chair over her victim. After striking some one hundred blows she changed to the use of the leather strap, which she would dip into the wash-bowl in order to give it greater power of torture. Under this infliction the screams of the woman died away to a faint moan, but the "sound of the whip" continued until nearly 11 o'clock. "Jane" was then ordered to bring the hot tongs, the woman was turned over upon her back, and Mrs. Gillespie attempted to grasp the woman's nipples with the heated implement. The writhings of the mother, however, foiled her purpose; but between the breasts the skin and flesh were horribly burned.

During this terrible infliction "Jeems" came out of his room and remonstrated with his mother for "using the niggers so." He "did not wish them punished in that way." Her answer was, "They won't mind me, and I will do with them as I please." Margaret was a long time in recovering from her wounds. Rose Ann, who was child's nurse, was sent upon one occasion to find and bring home a little boy named Tommy, whom his father had taken down town with him after breakfast. The child had been left at Mrs. Turner's, a "grass-widow," living in Camp Street, below Julia. It was found after a second hunt and brought home. Mrs. G. accused Rose of not trying to find the boy at first. She ordered her hands to be crossed and tied over her head; she was placed upon her back on the floor, her hands secured to the balusters and her feet to the extension table. In this position her person was exposed, the poker heated in the stove, and to make the punishment the more humiliating as well as most acute, the hot instrument was applied to *the most tender part of her body*. She then gave her fifty lashes and let her loose. This horrible idiosyncracy seemed to be a favorite method of torture with the widow. America, who saw and related these facts to the writer, in the presence of several of her fellow-slaves, suffered a similar punishment on the plantation only a few months since. She is a seamstress, and had by mistake sewed in two sleeves of Mrs. G.'s daughter's dress the wrong way. For this offense she was laid upon a board upon a ladder, her hands and feet secured, and a leather strap and buckle tightly fastened around her stomach and going under the ladder. Having previously placed the tongs in the fire, she ordered them brought and began pinching and burning her about the thighs, abdomen, and other parts until they were baked and stiff. This species of refined torture seemed to be a favorite one with her. On another occasion "America" says she was whipped with a new "yellow cowhide" until her flesh ceased to feel the blows. Mrs. G. then brought a bottle of "No. 6," and with a small sponge wet the lacerated parts with the fiery liquid, causing the most intense torture she ever experienced. Edmund, Essex, and the rest assert that it was a very common thing to see a slave carried by force to the bedroom or the shed-room of Madame for punishment. She would order him to undress, and with her own hands apply the lash until she became exhausted.

A DUEL OR TWO.

SHORTLY after the battle of Waterloo an unlucky pamphlet found its way into Frescati, the conversation-rooms at the watering-place of Bagnères. This pamphlet took pretty much the same odd view of the battle of Toulouse as M. Thiers has recently done of Waterloo. An Englishman chanced to take it up, and wrote on the margin that "every thing in it was false; that Lord Wellington had gained a complete victory, and the French army were indebted to his generosity for not having been put to the sword." A hot young Frenchman of the place, named Pinac, at once called out the indiscreet Englishman. Every thing was done to accommodate matters; and we are told that even the authorities delicately and considerately interfered, so far as *moral* suasion might be effectual. But all these good offices proved ineffectual, and the representatives of the two nations met on the ground. Poor Pinac gave one more illustration of the insufficiency of this mode of adjusting a quarrel, for at the first fire he received the Englishman's ball in the stomach, and died shortly after.

The season after the first abdication of Napoleon, and more particularly after the battle of Waterloo, was, it is well known, very fruitful in quarrels between French and English officers. That pleasant gossip, Captain Gronow, has furnished many incidents illustrative of this spirit. "It is a fact, that the French spent days and nights practicing fencing; and even resorted to the device of dressing up fencing-masters in officers' clothes, and setting them to pick quarrels with the English. It became impossible for these latter to avoid a conflict with men burning with rage and mortification, and determined to insult their conquerors. At Bordeaux, the Frenchmen used to come across the Garonne for the express purpose of picking a quarrel; and as the challenge usually came from the English, the French had the choice of weapons, and invariably selected their favorite small-sword. Strange to say, the result was usually in favor of our countrymen, who, being utterly helpless at carte, and tierce, and all the niceties of the exercise, unconsciously reproduced the scene in Molière's Bourgeois, rushed on, in defiance of guards and passes, and cut down their enemy at once. In vain the Frenchmen protested that this was "brutal" and "unchivalrous," that it was a crying outrage against "les règles d'escrime." Stalwart Englishmen stood by their friend, and, producing loaded pistols, threatened to shoot any who attempted to interfere. This system gradually produced a more wholesome state of feeling.

One night a party of English and Irish officers were at the little Théâtre de la Gaîté, where some French officers tried the usual devices to engage them in a quarrel. The Frenchmen had their swords, which they drew at once, with the alacrity of their country; unfortunately, the Anglo-Hibernian party had none. They, however, rapidly broke up all the chairs and tables at hand, and converting the fragments into useful weapons of offense, shivered every sword opposed to them, utterly routing their opponents. In the delicate situation in which the occupying army was placed, there was an inclination to make every allowance for wounded sensibilities; but it was found impossible to brook the offensive behavior of the natives, and their studious insults. And the English authorities knew the temper of the situation so well, that none of the surviving offenders were visited with severe punishment."

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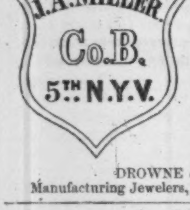
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Every soldier should have a BADGE WITH HIS NAME MARKED DISTINCTLY upon it. The Subscribers will forward to any soldier in the Army a solid Silver Badge, with his Name, Company, and Regiment engraved upon it, on receipt of One Dollar. The above cut represents size and style of Badge furnished. It can be fastened to any garment. Adress

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NOTICE.—HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.—SEA-SICKNESS CURED.—Let us whisper in the ears of all who go down to the sea in ships, that HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS positively, immediately, and infallibly cure nausea at sea. Brandy has been tried within, plasters have been tried without—a thousand nostrums have been recommended for this most depressing and overwhelming drawback on the pleasures of a sea voyage. They have all failed—utterly failed. But the proprietors of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS stake their reputation on the efficacy of the preparation as a means of calming and strengthening the nauseated stomach during the stormiest voyage. It is certain to act in one of two ways; it may either stay the perturbed stomach at once, and restore the appetite for food, or it may cause a discharge of the contents of the organs, to be followed almost instantly by an entire relief from sea-sickness, and a renewed relish for the good things of life. That it will effect the desired object in one of these ways is as certain as that morn will follow midnight.

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"Have never had any thing which so perfectly answers the purpose of a hair-dressing."

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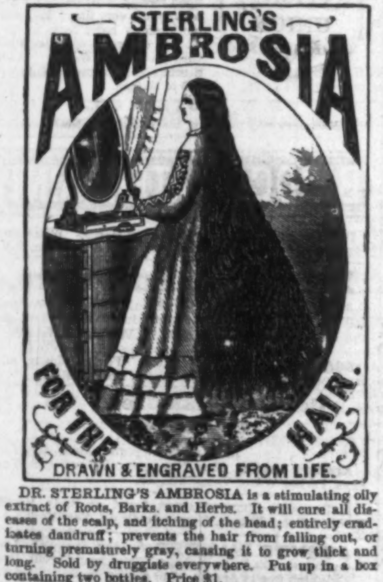
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Is not a combination of Glue, Rubber, or Gutta Percha, and will not decompose or become corrupt.

It is the only Liquid Cement extant that will stick Patches and Linings to Boots and Shoes sufficiently strong without stitching, and effectually mend broken Furniture, Crockery, Toys, Bone, Ivory, and articles of household use.

It is a liquid. It is insoluble in water or oil. It will adhere oily substances firmly and completely.

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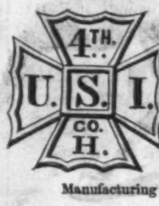

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While Brandeth's Pills are so potent for good to diseased bodies, they are harmless as bread. The babe at the breast, or the man of ripest years and delicate females, are certain to receive an increase of health from the use of these Pills, blessed of Heaven.

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Millions of people whose lives appeared to be at the last ebb, worn out by fever's consuming fires, by consumption's insidious advances, by racking torments of inflammatory rheumatism, have been cured by the use of these pills. The persons are living witnesses, and thousands are residents in every city of America. Principal Office, No. 294 Canal Street, and No. 4 Union Square.

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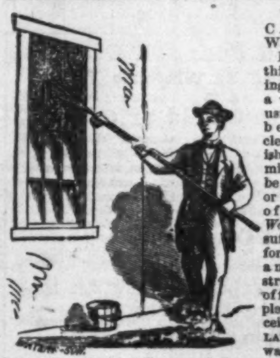

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